THE FORTNIGHTLY

APRIL, 1938

THE AVALANCHE

By The Editor

IN an unwonted flight of fancy the Prime Minister warned the House of Commons, on June 25th last, on the occasion of the Leipzig incident, that " in the high mountains there are sometimes conditions to be found when an incautious move, or even a sudden loud exclamation, may start an avalanche . . ." By his own clumsy gesture in dislodging the Eden boulder he has now set in motion just such an avalanche : the snows, long perilously poised, have begun to move, and the shout of jubilation that went up from the enemies of democracy has determined its momentum.

In Central Europe, above all in Spain, the British and French Governments are now face to face with the consequences of their own fatal inertia. And Mr. Chamberlain's seizure of the wheel from the hands of the " skilful and intelligent chauffeur "* has already brought dangers to the independence and vital interests of the British Empire that make it imperative for each one of us to set aside all fond hopes and preconceptions and see clearly the abyss yawning before us. Mr. Lloyd George did not exaggerate when he said to a reporter, before leaving London for the South of France on March 17th : 'the British Empire and France have been manœuvred into the worst strategic position they have ever been in.' Those who—on the Left or Right—appraise the situation in terms of morality or " ideology " deceive themselves. We are down to the bedrock of power-politics. To mobilize public opinion in this country it may be still necessary to invoke standards of conduct, freedom and other high-sounding phrases. But in the present plight to which Britain has been reduced we shall save democracy by saving it, not by labelling it.

*Mr. Lloyd George, quoted by Sir Archibald Sinclair in the House of Commons debate on February 21st.

Last month we wrote *per forza* before the House of Commons met to hear the statements of Mr. Eden and Lord Cranborne, and Mr. Chamberlain's defence. Just as THE FORTNIGHTLY anticipated, the principle involved was that of good faith in international affairs; and events have already conspired to vindicate the late Foreign Secretary and to expose the Prime Minister's idea of a "New Deal" as a mirage. National Socialist Germany has displayed an arrogance and brutality—and contempt for democratic *régimes*—which has no parallel in modern history; Mussolini's Italy has promptly fallen into line: and both these *expansionist* States (it is their expansionism not their Fascism that matters) have, shamelessly, intensified their intervention in Spain with the manifest purpose of taking the Anglo-French position on the flank. That Mr. Chamberlain in his speech should have ignored the strategic implications of the situation in Spain and ridden off on the two countries' "affinities of outlook and forms of government" is a measure of the Government's myopia.

Never was the insulation from harsh realities of the country-house and business groups controlling British policy more manifest than in these past few weeks. With their island-bound intelligence they have been living in a fools' paradise, from which the latest *fait accompli* of Herr Hitler has partially awakened them. Lord Halifax's first major speech as Foreign Secretary was significant. Even now the fatal habit of "indecision with a tendency to hope for the best"—the atmosphere faithfully reflected by Diplomatic Correspondents these two years—persists, and the elderly gentlemen are showing themselves incapable of adjustment to the tempo of our age. Only a dynamic policy and dynamic personalities now can stem the vertiginous course of events: whereas Mr. Chamberlain makes the effect of a rabbit petrified by a stoat.

Of Schuschnigg's Austria it can be said that nothing became her better than her end. The Chancellor will be seen by posterity to have rendered an immense service to Europe by forcing Herr Hitler's hand. The triumph of March 11 revealed once again the terrifying proficiency of the Nazis in the technique of intervention, but it was no act of self-determination, whatever Herr Hitler may proclaim: he is not even willing to risk an

Austrian plebiscite by itself under the Nazi police *régime*. The effect throughout Central and Eastern Europe is already manifest German domination is assured: while the crowning insult of Herr Ribbentrop's farewell visit to London being made to coincide with the setting in motion of Germany's military machine has laid bare Britain's ignominy.

The rape of Austria, and particularly the official German comment upon the *coup*, has had one unforeseen consequence. For the barefaced lies about conditions of anarchy and Communism churned out by Dr. Goebbels' propaganda machine —in an Austria keyed up to a great gesture of independence— have at last opened the eyes of many a honest-to-goodness Englishman to the prodigious hoax of the "Red Peril" which is used to screen the politics of power.

Nowhere has the wool been more effectively pulled over those eyes than in regard to Spain. General Franco benefited at the outset by the sympathies of the possessing classes of France and this country—but still more by the ready supply through Portugal of aeroplanes and artillery, machines and personnel, from an Italy and a Germany which were waiting their chance to stake out their power-position in the peninsula. The original Spanish Army revolt, *which had failed*, was thus submerged in a large-scale foreign invasion, to which the Admiralty and Conservatives of a "crude, mercantile, class-conscious outlook" turned a blind eye. Such was the power of "anti-Red" prejudice.

Several articles in THE FORTNIGHTLY during the past year have shown the nature and extent of Italian and German intervention in the Peninsula. The military rebellion was carefully planned so that its backers should gain rapid access to the richest mineral areas—as also that they might have interior military lines of communication. The seizure of the "strategic" metals necessary to the armament programmes of Italy and Germany has been a conspicuous fact—minimized over here deliberately because of the British business and financial interests linked up, for better or for worse, with the "anti-Marxist" adventure. And last month Air Commodore Charlton portrayed the serious dangers of a "Franco" victory—which

*cf. Speech by Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, House of Commons, February 22nd.

would clinch the strangle-hold on British and French freedom of action already acquired by the Rome-Berlin alliance. It only remains to call attention to the indiscretions of General Queipo de Llano at a recent ecclesiastical *cum* military parade at La Linea, alongside Gibraltar. The General arrived escorted by soldiers in *Reichswehr* uniform and officered by German *Reichswehr* officers, and through loud speakers set up along the frontier he shouted that

> "... Gibraltar was lost for us by the cowardice and treachery of those English brigands who have retained it as their own. But we know that they won't stay long there now, for we shall re-take Gibraltar to attach it again to the Motherland. There is no reason why Gibraltar should be anything but Spanish. ... We must emulate the Italians, for one Italian is worth two Spaniards."

This is not an isolated outburst by a dipsomaniac. It corresponds exactly to the secret ambitions of a large group of younger army officers who demand, overtly, expansion in Morocco —and of whom Franco himself is a leader. The elements supporting the Insurgents are essentially Germanophile and Anglophobe, as they were in the Great War.

The actual official figures, of non-Spanish land forces, according to a recent estimate made after careful investigation, are

Italians	160,000	Four autonomous divisions and air force.
Germans	20,000	Instructors, pilots, anti-aircraft, wireless experts, espionage, etc.
Africans	50,000	Moroccans, Arabs, Ifnis, Libyans.
Legion	7,000	Remnants of the Tercio, or Foreign Legion.
Total	237,000	Foreigners

Then, apart from the enormous and increasing supplies of aeroplanes, of the latest type, German and Italian, there are no less than 8 Italian battleships and 2 German men-of-war, lying off to help in what the insurgents hope to be the final subjugation of Eastern Spain.*

Even when the intervention of Germany and Italy has reached the present dimensions, with the most serious implications in the strategic and economic spheres, Sir Henry Page Croft can still write in *The Times* that

> "The intervention in Spain of munitions and fighting men has been almost if not quite as great by Russia and France from the start as by Russia and Germany."

*Full details may be read in *The War in Spain*, No. 10, published by *United Editorial*, 11, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

when it is an acknowledged fact that Russian supplies did not begin until the middle of October, 1936, after the representative of the U.S.S.R. on the Non-Intervention Committee had openly proclaimed his country's intention to parry the efforts of the expansionist Powers—and also that the number of Russian technicians, pilots, *etc.*, has never at any time during the civil war exceeded 2,000. As for the charge that the machinations of Moscow provoked a proud people to revolt, it is the veriest moonshine—though it is the orthodoxy of militant (political) Catholic and crypto-Fascists alike. In the nation to-day Communism is, forsooth, like the streptococcus germ, present in every normal healthy individual but only virulent when his or her organism is for any reason weak and exposed to infection. The existence of a tiny minority of Moscow-trained doctrinaires, in every country, intent on stirring up social revolution is a commonplace. But the U.S.S.R. has no expansionist designs. Her part in the Spanish imbroglio has been purely "ideological"—whereas Germany and Italy have all along set out to covet and secure the spoils of Spain.

Those who have brought us to the pass of a prospective Berlin—Rome—Madrid alliance directly menacing Britain's main arterial roads in Mediterranean *and* Atlantic comfort themselves that in the long run the foreign intruders will be given short shrift by the Spaniards—and the money-bags of "the City" will talk to some effect. Any one who knows Spain, who appreciates the dependence of General Franco on German organizing ability, let alone the actual war-assistance, can only marvel at such credulity. The man is a puppet in the hands of his foreign masters and without their continued help could not possibly hold down the Spanish people. That he should have had to acquiesce in the recent horrors of destruction from the air in Barcelona is the measure of his impotence.

What, then, is the conclusion to be drawn? Simply that the German-Italian threat to the life-lines of the British Empire is intolerable. It is for conservative democrats in this country, as in France, to realize what is at stake, and to insist that an authentic National Government shall, in conjunction with France, assert its claim to the retention of vital strategic positions. In all the talk about Czechoslovakia and collective security the

transcendent importance of Spain has somehow been missed. As the French General Staff is stubbornly insisting, with a France threatened on three fronts—Germans are already very much in evidence in the north of Spain alongside the French frontier—she will be powerless to move effectively in Central Europe.

Here, if ever, there is a case for swift and resolute action, as at Nyon. No need to invoke the formulas of Geneva which, unhappily, divide the British people. No danger of entanglement with Russia—such as are feared in Central Europe. The action which is desired must be taken unblushingly in the name of *national* interest and international law—for the Germans and Italians have no business whatsoever to be in Spain, and no British Government worthy of the name can sit back and allow hostile Powers to control the western end of the Mediterranean. Obviously the defence of Spain, because of Gibraltar, not to speak of Minorca and Morocco, is the most vital of British interests. The axis Powers have achieved so much by bluff and blackmail: now is the time to call their bluff in the one area of the world where, thanks to British Navy and French Army—and no debilitating "Liberal"—conscience torn with remorse for the Treaty of Versailles—that bluff *can* be called. Non-intervention at long last has to be given a positive content.

It may be worth while making one more attempt to enlist Signor Mussolini in an Anglo—French—Italian plan for securing to Spain in the future a status of "neutrality" similar to Switzerland, thereby counteracting the far more dangerous designs of Germany. But in any case a stand must be made on the issue of Spain to stop the rot, to maintain and protect British Imperial interests as an essential factor in the ultimate re-establishment of the principles of the League Covenant. Failure to act now and to act firmly will simply mean that Signor Mussolini will lead the British Government up the Italian garden during another five weeks of negotiations* only to break them off just before Herr Hitler's visit to Rome in May and then restore his prestige *vis-à-vis* his fellow-dictator by demonstrating that he, too, has known how to drag into the mud the might, majesty, dominion and power of England.

*Since even to-day the Italian danger is under-estimated, readers are referred to an admirable little book, *Mussolini's Roman Empire* by G. T. Garratt, a Penguin Special, 6d

NAZI MIRAGE

By Jeremiah Warner

THE speech in which Herr Hitler celebrated the fifth anniversary of the Nazis coming into power contained a remarkable innovation; it was stuffed with statistics which were designed to prove that the *régime* had solved Germany's major problems. Is that really the case? Or have the Nazis disposed of phantom problems only, which their propaganda had cleverly dressed up, doping the German people and duping mankind?

Germany's first and greatest need is security. The "nightmare of coalitions" haunted Prince Bismarck's sleep long after he had made her the strongest military Power on the Continent. Has Herr Hitler banned this spectre?

After Versailles Germany lay bleeding at the feet of her victors. She was disarmed. Her richest provinces were held by an army of occupation, entitled to stay until 1935. Her economic structure was deranged so as to retard her recovery. She was deliberately humiliated. She had to undergo the iniquities of the Ruhr invasion and the disaster of a gigantic inflation. She was excluded from the League of Nations. She was helpless and defenceless.

Six years later, the long-suffering Weimar Republic had emerged, Phœnix-like, from the ashes. The mark was stabilized, prosperity was returning. Germany sat as an equal on the Council of the League of Nations. The Rhineland was evacuated five years before the final date. The reparations question was fading. Germany was still disarmed, but the Treaty of Locarno had given her security from aggression on the western front such as she had never possessed before. If her eastern borders were not equally well protected, she had willed it so: for she was not prepared to recognize Poland's stability. Any Republican statesman accepting an eastern Locarno would have been

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assassinated by murderous nationalist gangs. The nightmare of coalitions had vanished. This "miracle" was the work of Stresemann, of Bruening and of their predecessors : They had built the stage from which Hitler afterwards advertised his stunning performances.

He could never have " reoccupied " the Rhineland with great flourish had not the French evacuated it six years earlier ; he could not have banged the door in the face of the League of Nations had not Stresemann unlocked it by putting Germany on its Council. He could not have defaulted brazenly on foreign debts, had not his ' Weimar ' predecessors re-established German credit, and as good as settled the reparations question. The fears of timid Frenchmen impeded the full fruition of their efforts.

The belated repentance of conscience-stricken, equally timid Britishers smoothed Hitler's path, when he swept away by unilateral action those remaining iniquities of the Peace Treaty, which the successful negotiations of the unarmed Republic had made untenable anyhow. He has invaded the Rhineland, broken the Locarno Treaty, flouted the League of Nations, shattered the disarmament clauses of the Peace Treaty, re-introduced conscription embarked upon a colossal armament scheme and deliberately raped Austria. Germany is once more proud and aggressive. Nobody dares to attack her, but she can threaten and invade weaker countries, if she so desires, and can play a little at war in Spain without fear of punishment for such wanton interference.

The sudden transformation of a small professional army into a large-scale conscript host put a tremendous strain on Germany's military authorities. The need for self-sufficiency, which the blockade had taught them, necessitated the accumulation of large stocks, which have to be withdrawn from consumption, whilst the equipment of plants designed to manufacture substitutes stresses Germany's scanty resources badly. She is confronted by Powers whose supplies of men and materials are far superior to her own. Her military advisers desired her to go slow and beware of risky adventures. But the Third Reich needs publicity. Its leaders are born propagandists. They advertise indiscriminately goods they have got as well as those

they hope to get. They have frightened the world, forced the pace of rearmament, and have thus inaugurated a race in which all the odds are against them. Germany's present-day security is not so much due to her military strength, as to the well-known love of peace of the leading Western nations. If ever she were to take the bit between her teeth, responsibility would lie with those enemies of war who assure a would-be aggressor in advance that they would rather do anything than stand in his way. Hitler has re-established Germany's equality, by making her sacrifice security; he may have given her back her self-respect, he has filled her people with fear. For adherents as well as opponents of the *régime* are convinced that war is now inevitable. The place of the League of Nations and of Locarno has been taken by the Anti-Communist Pact and the Rome-Berlin axis. So far they have not done much for Germany's security. She has presented Italy with Abyssinia, and has played second to a country, the military prowess of which she despises, and which once before has betrayed her She has now 'got even' with her in Austria, and she can be sure that Italy will not forget. She has egged on Japan, as she needs an ally against Russia; she has sacrificed influence and trade in China and is antagonizing the Great western Powers, including the United States. She is tardily awakening to the fact that Japan is immobilizing herself in China and is not prepared to risk falling foul of Russia.

The Weimar Republic had no great fear of Russia, notwithstanding Communist intrigues and agitations. But the Nazis needed a " bogey " and embarked on a loud-mouthed campaign against that country. They claim to have saved Germany from Communism; they are now going to save the world, at a time when Russia is getting less revolutionary, and, as a result of Stalin's purges, much less dangerous. They have almost made Russia respectable by getting her into the League; they have revived the Franco-Russian alliance and made it centre round Czechoslovakia.

Germany does not want war; her military leaders are by no means sure of victory. But they cannot prevent the Nazis breaking loose whenever home affairs look unpromising. Nor can they control Germany's newly-found allies, who are playing a desperate game. Locarno and the League of Nations

were not very good platform topics: they did not appeal to military minds smarting from defeat. They offered an unarmed country greater security than rearmament and the Anti-Comintern pacts. As it is, Mussolini and Stalin can drag Germany into a World War any day. Rearmament has established complete equality of insecurity for Germany and the rest of the Continent; it has turned collective security into universal insecurity.

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German unity has been completed, outwardly at least. The absurd rivalries between the states have gone. The Germans facetiously speak of "Ein-Kopf Gesicht"—a uniform type of faces, as a worthy accompaniment to "Ein-Topf Gericht"—the single dish they are enjoined to eat on Sundays. Nobody knows what these faces may hide. The strained hollow eyes of the hard-mouthed fanatic may be the windows of a communist soul, for in Germany Nazism and Communism have frequently been spiritual brethren. It is more than doubtful whether uniformity reflects unity. Signs of real spiritual unity are singularly wanting. Protestant ministers and Catholic priests are arrested and sent to concentration camps—the widespread assertion that they count 100,000 inmates may be empty talk—but as all statistics are doped by the Ministry of Propaganda, the line separating accidental truth from purposeful error is burred. The Marxist doctrine of class warfare is no longer heard. The battle-song of the Nazis claiming the exclusive use of the streets for the brown battalions, has silenced it. Communist and socialist movements have gone underground. Relentless persecution of all and everybody by the secret police continues, maybe because this is the job of such men, maybe because they are appalled by the dangers ahead of them. They are now trampling Austria into shape.

The recent purge of the army reveals the fears and the ambitions of the Party, which is rent by bitter personal dissensions, but which is resolutely bent on oppressing dissent—internal or external. It evidently prefers an out-and-out political army sworn to the party programme to a soldier's army with great traditions. Its action may merely paralyse the striking power of the army—just as Stalin's purges have done, or it may finally

further unity at the expense of efficiency. One of these days, when the entire grown-up population has passed through Nazi schools, Nazi labour camps and Nazi-controlled barracks, the synthetic Christianity manufactured as a substitute for the real article—the Germans have always been great chemists—may be the State religion, with a kind of "Aryan Mikado," "the son of Heaven" at its head. In the meantime political apathy is hiding internal convulsions, the strength of which is unknown. The old army leaders allowed for internal dissensions in their plans. They knew that an easy and successful war like the Abyssinian expedition may unite a nation. But a "total war," which is not likely to go on without a single hitch is a different matter. Its success depends on the willingness of the entire nation to sustain a long-drawn-out strain, otherwise serious setbacks might result in that "stab in the back" by which General Ludendorff attempted to explain his failure. It made them strong supporters of peace, for concentration camps were no help to unity in their eyes. But the wild men of the party who want the control of the army do not mind risks: they may even need a war in order to close their own ranks. At the same time the out-and-out enemies of the *régime* are beginning to pray for war, as their one and only hope for deliverance.

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So much for the German situation from the point of view of "security" and "unity." What is to be said of the much-vaunted prosperity?

In the light of published statistics, Germany's economic recovery is marvellous. Unemployment has ceased. The volume of physical production has greatly increased, the national income has all but doubled. Birth-rates are rising: the fear that a noble race might die out has vanished. In this sphere Hitler is evidently a wizard, deserving the thanks of those who pray to him for their daily bread.

But here again the question may be raised, whether the prosperity—it is pitiful enough in many ways—is more substantial and permanent than the short-lived prosperity of the Weimar Republic. The Nazis wisely compare their achievements with those of the dying Republic, which the world crisis and their own agitation had undermined. They boast, that they have

raised the population-reproduction rate within five years from 0.82 (1933) to 1.06 (1935/6); but ten years earlier when the Weimar Republic flourished it was 1.12. By 1928 prices had risen, unemployment had decreased; wages had gone up by leaps and bounds. The face of Germany had changed completely; the misery of the final inflation period was turned into smiling prosperity. A learned American professor has described the glories of "The Recovery of Germany." This golden age lasted as long as the influx of credit continued. The lending of nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ milliard £ to private and public corporations for German industry and agriculture brought about a boom. It collapsed when they ceased to flow in and were partially withdrawn. The great world crisis began.

The Weimar Republic was not responsible for it, nor is the Nazi *régime* the cause of the general world recovery, which had already set in when it took over. It resumed the Republic's policy of borrowing on a stupendous scale. It got rid of most of its foreign debts by the use and abuse of exchange control, which partially expropriated the foreign creditors and obliged them to give it a kind of forced loan. It fabricated its own credit at home. Its public works, and later on its armaments were mainly financed by bills of exchange, manufactured in a very ingenious way by the various Government financial authorities. They were renewed whenever they fell due; they were taken up by banks and manufacturers, who could sell them in case of need to the *Reichsbank*.

The expansion of credit resulting from these operations inflated incomes and profits and spread purchasing power widely. From time to time the Government issued public loans which banks and insurance companies had to take over provisionally until they could unload them on the public. But these funding operations reduced the amount of outstanding bills only temporarily, since new and greater issues followed, especially when the armament race began. Though tax receipts rose considerably, the main volume of additional expenditure was financed by loans. It was a return to a greatly improved system of war finance, for it prevented successfully the visible consequences of inflation. Prices were fixed and wages were not allowed to rise. The profits of middlemen were eliminated;

goods declined in quality, and restrictions were revived. The wage-earners' actual purchasing power was effectively cut down by various (party) levies and collections which were deducted from his pay roll. He buys a limited amount of very inferior goods at about the same price he formerly spent on a much greater quantity of superior stuff. Germany is not starving. There are enough raw materials for armament purposes, though perhaps not for the building schemes of the *Führer*. But meat, bread, iron, wool, fats, cotton and building materials for private use are scarce. This shortage is partly due to an accumulation of reserve stocks, for a war of long duration, and partly to the equipment of industries which are to make Germany self-sufficient. Substitutes are not only expensive, their manufacture depends on costly plants and ample raw materials. The forests have to be cut down mercilessly, for timber is needed for many new processes. In this respect economic domination of Austria has come in handy—though it will undoubtedly spell ruin to Austria's hard-won economic and financial solvency. It is probably not very serious that ready-made shirts have to be shortened by an inch or two; a militant nation should be able to stand it. But there is no doubt that the standard of living of the masses is very slowly going down. This decline has helped the authorities to cover inflation by a smoke-screen.

Financial operations can continue easily as long as new bills are taken up, to be redeemed on maturity with the proceeds from the sales of other new bills or from loans. No government ever failed as long as it could borrow enough new money to pay maturities, interest and sinking funds on old loans. The total debt may amount to about 2 or 3 milliard £. Nazi experts assert that there is no need for anxiety until the 5 milliards £ limit is reached. They may be right. A public debt of this size would not bear more heavily on Germany than do war debts on other countries. How near she may be to this limit is a mere guess, since no budget is published. The money is spent on public works, including armaments. On their continuation Germany's industrial activities depend. The boom will finish when they stop. For it is not due to the yield of past investments, but to present disbursements. When the 5 milliard £ limit has been reached—which will not take so very long—the

taxpayer will have to provide 225 milliard £ interest yearly. Neither armaments nor monumental buildings will contribute to it; their maintenance and replacement require additional funds. The Nazi experts are quite cheerful about it: for the national (paper) money income can be easily raised. Devaluing the mark by about 50% would double the value of all physical property at the expense of bondholders of course. Prices can be doubled too, and the burden of the national debt can be halved. But the Nazis will scarcely devalue in such a simple way. The fear of inflation still hangs over the land; the rise in prices need not injure the workers; their wages can be raised by the authorities. But it would hurt holders of fixed interest-bearing securities, especially of Government bonds—all the small fry who are the most ardent believers in Nazism. It would, besides, bankrupt insurance companies and other institutions on which these loans have been unloaded. Whilst devaluation would immediately offer some trading advantages resulting from a relatively cheap mark, a capital levy exempting small owners would be a more attractive political measure. The *régime* could thus show its truly socialist character.

The stalwarts never had any love for "Capitalists." Breaking "the debt slavery" was one of the main planks of the original party platform. Dr. Schacht adopted it pretty thoroughly in his dealings with foreign creditors; he fought it tooth-and-nail at home. But he has gone. His retirement, followed so dramatically by the purge of the army and the Foreign Office, shows which way the wind blows. The party no longer cares for the cloak of respectability which these substantial conservatives had lent it. Confiscation for the benefit of the State by seizing shares of big industrialists and by imposing mortgages on the estates of reactionary landowners would be very popular with the rank and file. It might induce them to take a more lenient view of the "splash" some of their leaders indulge in.

By Government co-ownership of mills, mines and estates, a considerable part of the 5 milliard £ debt could be wiped out. Germany would be brought nearer to the collectivist ideal which the Nazis have pursued all the time. The Junkers and industrialists who put them into power have been fools. They should have remembered that the communist spectre was

laid by the socialist Government of the Weimar Republic, when it suppressed the various communist risings between 1918 and 1920. The leader no doubt sincerely believes that he saved Germany from this danger. His personal sincerity should not be taken for historical truth. The complete collapse of the Communists early in 1933 is conclusive proof of their inherent weakness. Had there been any real strength behind their rabble-rousing phrases, they would not have protested against the accusation that they set fire to the Reichstag building. They would have seen in the roaring flames the signal for the great proletarian revolution, and risen as one man ; unlike their socialist colleagues they were not wedded to constitutional methods. They indignantly denied their guilt. They were never dangerous to anybody except to the German labour movement.

Herr Hitler has never worried about the solution of material problems. His vivid imagination provides him when necessary with gigantic issues which he can settle to his heart's content. The German people have been taught to live on illusions. As long as their leaders can supply these, those leaders can go on. They can do so for a very long time. The economic recessions menacing important parts of the world may make it easier for Germany to get raw materials ; the spoliation of Austria is furnishing a couple of hundred milllion marks in gold and foreign exchange, besides timber, fats and skilled workers; the armaments race will provide the people with work, and the Government with excuses why life is so hard. The active party members know that none of Germany's real problems have been solved. They know, too, that neither the return of a colony nor the invasion of Czechoslovakia nor the plunder of Austria will satisfy Germany's economic needs. But each of them will add considerably to their prestige. They are no longer held back by sober-minded army men, or far-seeing captains of industry. The mask of conservative respectability, which so long deceived those willing to be deceived, has fallen from their faces. They are ruthless men, who are ready to run any risk rather than relinquish power. There is only one thing which can restrain them from travelling on the road to Armageddon : fear—respect for superior material force, and what is more important, for superior will power on the part of those whom they are trying to intimidate.

THE AUSTRIAN TRAGEDY

By C. F. Melville

FINIS AUSTRIAE! Herr Hitler, speaking to the assembled multitude in Vienna's Heldenplatz, has announced that henceforth Austria becomes the *Ostmark* of the Third German Reich, a German province in the same sense as Prussia, Bavaria and Saxony. Thus Austria's great tradition, from Charlemagne to Schuschnigg, has been buried overnight, and a tremendous blow has been struck at the hopes of those "good Europeans" who had cherished the vision either of an Austria forming an important part of a Danubian confederation, or an Austria which should be the rallying-point of the European cultural tradition in the Germanic world. Culturally, spiritually, the tragedy is beyond measure. Its political, economic and military implications, however, may be measured with exactitude. They mean nothing less than a complete change in the European balance of power, with Germany bestriding Europe like a Colossus, from the Baltic to the Balkans.

The subjugation of Austria took place rapidly, without consideration of the now old-fashioned "courtesies" of warfare. The following, briefly, are the facts :—

On Friday, March 11th, two German ultimatums were delivered to the Austrian Government. The first one demanded the immediate cancellation of the national plebiscite to decide Austria's future which Dr. von Schuschnigg was proposing to hold on Sunday, March 13th. The second demanded the resignation of the Chancellor. Both were complied with. But although the second ultimatum had a time-limit until 7 p.m., the German army actually crossed the frontier at 6 p.m.—one hour before the expiry of the ultimatum. Herr Hitler, accompanied by an army of mechanized units, artillery, infantry, cavalry and aeroplanes, entered Austria by way of Linz, and marched on Vienna. Dr. Seyss Inquart, who, at Herr Hitler's demand, had

succeeded Dr. von Schuschnigg as Chancellor, handed over Austria to the German Führer, and himself stepped down from the rank of Federal Chancellor to that of Provincial Governor (*Statthalter*).

The whole affair had been planned beforehand, down to the last detail. The highly intricate organization of a military invasion cannot be worked out on the spur of the moment. The only thing which was decided at the last moment was the actual political decision.

The story really begins early in February with the internal political crisis in Germany. Certain highly-placed generals of the Reichswehr, including the Commander-in-Chief, General von Fritzsch, criticized the National Socialist *régime*, both on account of its attempts to politicize the army, and its adventurous foreign policy. Herr Hitler dealt with the situation in his usual way. He liquidated the critics. This had to be compensated by a brilliant success in foreign policy. With the critics of a forward policy out of the way, Herr Hitler was ready to essay a final " solution " of the Austrian question.

Thereupon Herr von Papen, Germany's special Ambassador at Vienna, (with the connivance of Dr. Guido Schmidt, Austria's opportunist Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs) proposed a new Austro-German agreement. This agreement was to bring nearer the Nazification of Austria, whilst still preserving the outward semblance of that country's independence. On February 12th Dr. von Schuschnigg went to Berchtesgaden believing he held the trump cards for he took with him the " Teinfaltstrasse *dossier*," documents seized by the police in the course of a raid on Nazi headquarters in Vienna. The *dossier* proved that the Austrian Nazis, in connivance with the German Nazis and the Reichswehr, were planning a new internal revolt, to be followed by a German military invasion. The documents failed, however, to produce the desired effect. For Herr Hitler, supported by the presence of three generals of the Reichswehr, demanded sweeping concessions for the Austrian Nazis, under threat of sending the German army into Austria. In return he promised that German Nazis should not interfere in Austrian internal affairs, and that the Austrian Nazi Party, as such, should continue to be considered illegal.

Dr. von Schuschnigg returned to Vienna to carry out the agreement. In the light of subsequent events it is evident that on the German side there was never any intention to honour it. The Austrian Nazis were instructed to form party units within the *Vaterländische Front*, in spite of the fact that at Berchtesgaden it had been agreed that they should only work within the Front as individuals. The aim was to bring about a breakdown of the Berchtesgaden Agreement, and thus give Herr Hitler an excuse to intervene so as to " restore order." The open revolts against the Vienna Government which took place at Graz and Linz showed how quickly things began to move in this direction. During the early stages Dr. Seyss Inquart, Herr Hitler's nominee as Minister of the Interior, behaved with both tact and restraint. He seemed to be living up to his reputation as the man who had the confidence both of Herr Hitler and Dr. von Schuschnigg. But soon the pace quickened, and in the case of Dr. Seyss Inquart the thin dividing-line between " pronounced National " and " National Socialist " disappeared altogether. This, I am told, was the last and most bitter pill Dr. von Schuschnigg had to swallow.

The Chancellor, fully aware by now, that the Nazi aim was to force the issue, decided upon a gambler's throw. He ordered a plebiscite on the issue of a " Free, Independent, Christian, German Austria." It now seems evident, with the wisdom which comes after the event, that he made a mistake in thus openly challenging Herr Hitler; although it might be argued that it was only a case of hastening the inevitable by a few weeks; and, in any case, his bold action did at least tear the mask from Nazi intentions. Dr. von Schuschnigg knew that he would be faced with a new *putsch* in a few days time. So he decided to call the Nazi bluff. Berlin had been demanding for years past a plebiscite in Austria. " *Now they shall have it*," he declared. He was confident of a two-thirds majority. His eleventh-hour decision to grant the Social Democrats the same freedom within the *Vaterländische Front* as he had accorded the Nazis rallied the Austrian workers to his cause. From my own knowledge and experience of Austrian affairs I would say without hesitation that he would have obtained his majority. Herr Hitler was equally aware of this. He had to stop an adverse vote at all

costs. Hence the two ultimatums. Hence also the military invasion of Austria.

These facts refute the version, based upon political sophism and mock legality, which Germany has since tried to foist upon the outside world. It is necessary to nail these facts to the mast, just as it is necessary to point out that Herr Hitler's rapturous reception by the Austrians as their " deliverer " is on a par with the equally rapturous receptions which used to be accorded to Napoleon by his conquered neighbours when his army was in occupation.

The present situation could never have come about but for the direct interference of Germany in Austria's affairs. For Nazi party activity alone, unless backed by the full resources, political and military, of the *Reich* itself, could never have overturned the Schuschnigg *régime*. During a recent visit—the last of a long series—I frequently had occasion to discuss the situation with Government supporters and officials, Socialists, Nazis and foreign observers. The position right up to the last was that the Government could cope with any purely internal situation. Although a minority government, the forces ranged against it—Nazis on the Right, Social Democrats on the Left—cancelled each other out by reason of their opposition one to the other. Dr. von Schuschnigg had the support of the Clericals and the Monarchists. He also controlled well-disciplined forces in the Army and the police. The civil service, whatever the private convictions of some of its members may have been, knew which side its bread was buttered. They preferred to be high officials in Vienna under Dr. von Schuschnigg than to be petty district officials of an Austria reduced to the status of a *Reich* province. This last was even the case with regard to some Nazis, other than the radical element. A number of Austrian Nazi leaders hoped to become Ministers in either a coalition Austrian Government or in a Nazi government which would nevertheless be a State government and not a mere provincial administration. The radical Nazis, of course, wanted to go the whole hog. When they shouted their slogan " *One People, One Reich*," they really meant it. But my main point is that the balance of forces, internally, was such that the Schuschnigg *régime* could have

continued indefinitely so long as the external balance in Europe did not change.

Dr. von Schuschnigg himself was aware of this. For some time past responsible members of his administration, with whom I had talked, had expressed to me the Chancellor's pre-occupations on this score. The European balance did change. The internal German crisis set things going. But developments had already taken place in the wider European political sphere which made possible a sudden shifting of the balance. British weakness towards the Rome-Berlin Axis was one of the main causes. Lord Halifax had gone to Berchtesgaden last November, to discuss Anglo-German conciliation. Herr Hitler had told him plainly that Germany's only outstanding question with Britain was that of Colonies, and that she regarded the return to her of her former colonies as a right, and would not agree to bargain the colonial question against any guarantees in Central Europe. Central Europe, he said, was a purely German " family affair " and not Britain's business. These were plain words. Apparently only the British Government failed to understand their meaning. For they pressed on with the negotiations with Italy, and hoped to start negotiations with Germany.

Signor Mussolini was keen enough on the talks with Britain. Embarrassed by his difficult task in holding down Abyssinia, and faced with a tremendous adventure in Spain—realizing as well, the ominous growth of strength on the part of his German ally—he wanted a policy which, in the polite terminology of diplomacy is called " double re-insurance," and in the less polite language of the ordinary Englishman is called " double-crossing." He wanted better relations with Britain and France in order to be able to put some sort of break upon German expansion on the Danube. But he wanted to maintain the Rome-Berlin Axis in order to blackmail Britain and France in the Mediterranean. Now that Austria had been absorbed by Germany, and Italy has had to accept this unpleasant fact with as good a grace as possible, the value of an agreement with Britain has become much less to her, and her policy of Italian imperialism in the Mediterranean will now be intensified.

Meanwhile Herr Hitler himself had spoken plainly enough to Lord Halifax at Berchtesgaden. He spoke with equal clarity to

our Ambassador in Berlin, a short time before Herr von Ribbentrop came to London. Yet Downing Street still followed the will-o-the-wisp of an Anglo-German understanding. All these things convinced Berlin—and rightly, as it turned out—that, whatever Germany did, Britain would do nothing to deter her.

Berlin also speculated—again not without reason—that France would be too occupied with internal political squabbles to be able to resist any forward German move in Central Europe, provided the move took place with sufficient swiftness. The French, in spite of the warning of what took place between Herr Hitler and Dr. von Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden, saw fit to have another governmental crisis, so that while the various French political parties were playing their usual game of political carpet-bagging, the Reichswehr marched into Austria. While the French President was busily engaged consulting party leaders in Paris, German aeroplanes were flying over Vienna.

In short: for some time past the British had been sliding down the slippery slope of indecision, the French had failed to put national necessity before party political passion, and these two facts combined to produce just that additional weakness on the part of the Western Powers which enabled the Dictator States to become more powerful. The European balance tilted. The inevitable then happened. Austria disappeared overnight.

The roots of the trouble, of course, go deeper, and also go back further. As regards Austria, it began when—to quote from an article I wrote in THE FORTNIGHTLY at the time—"*M. Laval and Signor Mussolini settled the Austrian question in the African desert.*" Britain had always advised the French to make friends with the Italians. Britain and France together said that Austria was a specifically Italian interest. Both London and Paris felt that they could shirk their own responsibilities in regard to Austrian independence by granting to Italy a virtual protectorate in Austria. The results of this policy were manifold. Signor Mussolini proceeded with the conquest of Abyssinia, fought the efforts of the League to stop him, and came to terms with Herr Hitler. The Rome-Berlin Axis was created, in virtue of which Italy and Germany agreed to accommodate their opposing interests in Central Europe, in

order to be able to collaborate against Britain and France in Spain and elsewhere. Step by step this led to the final situation that when Germany occupied Austria, there was no rushing of an Italian army to the Brenner to stop her, as had been the case at the time of the Austrian Nazi *putsch* in 1934. But before this state of affairs came about, during the time when Italy was opposing German aims in Austria, the very fact that she was the sole guardian of Austrian independence did more than anything else to make fresh converts to Nazism in Austria. It also prevented a general rally of the Danubian States to the cause of Austrian independence. Countries like Yugoslavia, for instance, not unnaturally were suspicious of Italian aims on the Danube. If, instead of declaring Austria to be a specifically Italian interest, thus giving Italy the chance first to run Austria against Germany and then to sell her to Germany, Britain and France had headed an international guarantee of Austrian independence, there would still be an Austria in existence to-day.

Looking back upon the long story of ineptitude, cowardice and stupidity, one is amazed more than anything else by the gross ignorance of Central European affairs displayed by the wise men of Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay. The diplomats and politicians of the Western Powers have seemingly never been able to understand that the true solution of the Austrian question was to be sought in a way which, whilst guaranteeing Austria's independence, recognized her German character. The Western Powers, afraid of the *Anschluss*, thought the best way to prevent it would be to try and orientate Austria in an anti-German direction. This was a rank absurdity.

But now all this is a case of crying over spilt milk. Austria is no more. It is necessary to look to the future. And the immediate necessity is to devise a policy which will ensure that Austria's fate to-day will not be Czechoslovakia's fate six months hence. Admittedly Czechoslovakia is in a different category from Austria. She has alliances with France and Russia. A German attack on Czechoslovakia might well mean a war which would spread to the West, and thus involve Britain. Even Mr. Chamberlain's Government realizes this. It would not be possible to wage a bloodless war against Czechoslovakia, as has been done in the case of Austria. But the Western

Powers should not be lulled into inaction by the German assurances which were given to Prague on the morrow of the German invasion of Austria. Herr Hitler has proclaimed his intention of uniting all *Auslandsdeutschtum* with the Reich. The next country on the list of German aggression is Czechoslovakia. Finally, Germany will descend upon the German-speaking Italian Tyrol, in spite of Herr Hitler's present orders that this is for the moment a subject not to be mentioned.

The politico-economic-military consequence of the creation of this greater Germany is immense. Not only does it mean a great increase in man-power, it also means the co-ordination of German and Austrian industrial capacity for the purpose of the manufacture of war material. For Austria is now in the German Four Year Plan. Again, now that Germany includes Austria, Czechoslovakia is menaced on two flanks instead of, as before, on one. Hungary and the Balkan States must inevitably come within the German sphere of economic influence. There are vast potentialities in this as regards raw materials, such as copper; there is also petrol; and agricultural produce. Politically, of course, the pressure will be immense. Countries like Yugoslavia, for instance, cannot but regard these developments with misgiving. Belgrade looks upon London with a friendly eye, but is certainly not disposed to quarrel with her German neighbour. It is not within the power of the smaller States to take initiatives in adopting a specific attitude to such a situation. That, in the first place, is for the Great Powers, and particularly Britain and France, to do. The others would then follow our lead. They most certainly will not be prepared to pull any chestnuts out of the German fire on our behalf, whilst we stand by and do nothing.

The logical conclusion is the most frightening of all. It is that when Germany has obtained the hegemony of Europe in the North, the Centre and the South-East, and Italy makes her final bid for the establishment of the Roman Empire in Spain and the Mediterranean, with Japan threatening us at the same time in the Far East, the day will inevitably come when Herr Hitler will offer us the *Pax Germanica*. This means, in plain words, that the Dictator States, having fooled the West with the ideological disguise of their new imperialism, will demand that

Britain and France hand over half their Empires or take the risk of war. Complete confirmation is therefore given by the march of events to the words spoken to me in Vienna by a distinguished diplomat two years ago. He said: "*The fate of the British Empire may yet be decided at the gates of Vienna.*"

When I originally planned this article, after the Berchtesgaden agreement, but before the German invasion of Austria, I had intended to say something of the new events and personalities in Austria. The picture has since entirely changed. For very little that is Austrian is now left. It is already ruthlessly Germanized. Even many moderate Austrian Nazis hardly expected this. I remember some years ago an Austrian Nazi leader, Dr. Neubacher, now appointed to high office in Vienna, coming secretly to my Vienna hotel to talk to me about the aims of his party. A National Socialist Austria, with a policy in close harmony with that of the *Reich*, was his avowed aim. I have wondered since if he ever envisaged the present complete absorption? I am minded also of the day when I met Dr. Seyss Inquart, at an informal press reception in Vienna. He spoke with two voices. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that his words could have carried one interpretation in Vienna and another in Berlin. He certainly put the "National-German" case clearly enough. But he also maintained that Austria had a mission outside the *Reich*. I wonder if he remembers his words on that occasion, now that he has formally handed over Austria to the *Reich*? Possibly he is still a moderate. If so, he will not remain long in an exalted position. The Seyss-Inquarts and the Glaise-Horstenaus will in due course be swept aside to make room for the Radicals.

In conclusion, it is said that the union of the two German peoples was inevitable, that what has happened is in any case the dynamic of history. Some kind of union probably was inevitable. But the pity of it is that it has come by these brutal methods, and at a time and under a *régime* which will make of it not a reinforcement of all that is valuable in the German spirit, but, instead, an encouragement of all that is cynical and destructive in the ambitions of Germany's present rulers.

DICTATORSHIP

By F. L. Lucas

AMONG my childish memories of the first years of this gentle century there stands out on my father's crowded shelves one red book. Its cover is stamped in gilt with a shattered sceptre and a tumbled crown. Its title proclaims "Triumphant Democracy," by Andrew Carnegie. Children are—or were—romantic. I felt sorry to think crowns and sceptres should be tumbling before gentlemen in prosaic top-hats and trousers; or not even in top-hats. It had been bad enough when one's nurse lifted one up to see Victoria the Good drive across Blackheath and revealed only a little puffy granny in a black bonnet, with not the shadow of a diadem. So I returned "Triumphant Democracy" disdainfully to the shelf; little guessing how many older children I should live to see one day doing the same.

Then memory jumps a dozen years, to the Cambridge of 1913, on that golden eve of the Deluge we so little foresaw. Everyone is talking of a little shilling book—Professor Bury's "History of the Freedom of Thought." "Distrust thy father and thy mother," his last page cries, "is the first commandment with promise." We were thrilled. This was something like a commandment. The older generation, very humanly, was less thrilled; and Mr. Hilaire Belloc rose up to smite this blasphemer against Holy Church. But little we cared for our elders, or even for Mr. Belloc, maugre his glittering pen. For here was a generous, audacious trumpet-call in a high cause—a cause now all but won. True, Bury himself seemed a trifle less confident. "Can we be certain that there may not come a great set-back?" (After all, the intellectual freedom of the Ancients was chained again by Christianity.) It was unlikely, he decided, "apart from a catastrophe sweeping away European culture." *But*, "if a revolutionary social movement prevailed, led by men

inspired by faith in formulas (like the men of the French Revolution) . . . experience shows that coercion would almost inevitably be resorted to." Bury was wiser than we; wiser than he knew. But though he lived to see his prophecy grimly fulfilling itself, with typical restraint he added no word in later impressions of his book to say "I told you so."

To-day Fascist and Nazi have changed all that. "We have done away with this freedom of the press," shouts Dr. Dietrich, Press-Chief of the *Reich*," and we assert that this action we are reproached with is our proudest title to fame. It is one of the greatest deeds in intellectual history." Yet such candour does not in the least damp the zeal of some of our patriot press for a *rapprochement* with the Reich. "So long as there remains in Germany," shrieks the *Völkischer Beobachter*, "any unpolitical, neutral, liberal or individualistic art, our task is not ended. There must no longer be a single artist who creates otherwise than nationally and with a national purpose. Every artist who withdraws from this preoccupation must be hunted as an enemy of the nation until he gives up his intolerable resistance." Yet Englishmen who pique themselves on culture can still praise a *régime* that subjects it to this gagged prostitution. "The will to happiness is lacking in us," roars Herr Sieburg, "and the idea that it is possible to work and struggle for individual happiness is not only foreign to us, it is positively revolting." Yet the Nazi glamour still captures opulent persons whose own private lives seem somewhat remote from any such ardours of self-sacrifice. They know that these hands they shake have not drawn back from bloodshed and torture, from judicial murders and murders not even judicial; they know that these men are conducting a persecution and degradation of the human intellect unequalled since the Inquisition; but it does not matter. They smile and bow, and the cameras click.

Why this wholesale treason to decency and humanity? Because the rich just fear for their money-bags? No doubt they do. And pretty blind their panic makes them to their own stupid interests. No doubt there is a romantic glamour about "strong" governments. When Napoleon fell, Hazlitt could not eat for days: "I am damned sorry," was Byron's comment on Waterloo. But, after all, there was something to

admire in Napoleon. The truth is, our faith in free speech and free election has faded. It has got about that dictatorships are more "efficient." Reactionaries have always hated freedom; to-day even revolutionaries prefer mystic clap-trap about "the dictatorship of the proletariat." Democratic England in this twentieth century watches the vigour of despotic Europe with a wondering dismay not unlike that with which despotic Europe in the eighteenth watched the vigour of democratic England. Well, *are* dictatorships "efficient" or not? What has experience to say? Above all—from that *moral* point of view which, in the long run, is the most vital of all.

The first great claim for dictators and autocrats is always that they get things done. Cheops has his pyramid; the Cæsars, their Baths and Forums and Colosseums; Louis XIV, Versailles—and the bankruptcy of France. Napoleon I, his Code—and five million graves; Napoleon III, his Boulevards—and Sedan. Yes, autocrats get a great deal done.

And yet it was not they who built the Acropolis or the Gothic cathedrals, the Roman Empire or the British.

The other great claim of the dictator is to keep order. Thus rose Pisistratus, Augustus, Cromwell, Louis XIV, and both Napoleons. "In the Paris of 1851," says Bagehot, "the only notion of '52 was '*on se battra dans la rue*'"; even housewives engaging maids bore that grim prospect in mind, hence the seven million grateful votes cast for Louis Napoleon after his *coup d'état*.

And yet in the long run? By 1865, even Bagehot is disillusioned. He still recognized those good intentions of Napoleon III. for the ordinary citizen's happiness which make the Second Empire immeasurably more civilized than the Fascist *régimes* of to-day. Here was a perfectly Benthamite Emperor, intelligently creating a great deal of real welfare. (Intellectually, too, one has only to contrast the France of 1850-70 with the cultural deserts of modern Italy and Germany.) And yet . . .

> "France, *as it is*, may be happier because of the Empire, but France *in the future* will be more ignorant because of the Empire. The daily play of the higher mind upon the lower mind is arrested. The present Government has given an instalment of free-trade; but it could not endure an agitation for free-trade."

Besides, to this threat of future decadence there was already added widespread corruption here and now. The Emperor would not charge the guilty, though he knew: better, after all, old, half-satiated fleas than new and hungry ones. But the fleas were there.

It was delightfully typical that Bagehot's article was reproduced in French official journals; but with his criticisms suppressed. They could not have proved better, had they tried, how right he was. The rest of the proof came five years later, at Sedan. France had duly enjoyed her twenty years of "order."

Efficiency and order—these two the dictator still offers, if we will bow down and worship him. But dictatorship remains, as ever, slippery to hold, slippery to transmit. The order it offers still rests on police-spy and torture-chamber and praetorian guard; with the threat, always, of a civil war for the succession.

But it is above all the psychological effects of dictatorship that are glibly forgotten by Marxist and Fascist alike. Always it involves in the end the degradation of ruled and ruler alike. Exceptions there may be, for a time: they never last. They depend on an integrity too rare in man; above all, in men of affairs.

Dictatorships rise usually on a wave of faith; but the enthusiasm ebbs; more and more, then, they must depend on fear. But men must not only be too frightened to act; they must be too frightened or stupefied or intoxicated to think. The frightening has sometimes to be done by the Church; to the rebel against Napoleon, to the Liberal in modern Spain she has threatened Hell. But most Dictators prefer to have no rival deities. It is simpler to distract men's thoughts with circuses, with pageantry, still more with hate—hate of Communist, of Bourgeois, of the League, of the nation across the frontier. So it comes that the distraction Hate leads on to the still more efficient distraction, War.

But, of course, the most effective way of all to prevent men from thinking for themselves is to hypnotize and intoxicate them. Here alone, perhaps, modern dictatorships can claim a real advance on anything before them, except perhaps the militant fanaticism of early Islam. Like Mohammed, indeed

they are founders of new religions. There is but one God, the State; and Mussolini (or Hitler, or Stalin) is His prophet. "The capacity of modern man for faith," so Signor Mussolini avowed to Emil Ludwig, "is illimitable. When the masses are like wax in my hands . . . I feel myself a part of them. All the same there persists in me a certain feeling of aversion, like that which the modeller feels for his clay. Does not the sculptor sometimes smash the block of marble because he cannot shape it to his vision?" Still more candid: perhaps, also, prophetic.

Defoe tells us that in his England were forty thousand stout fellows ready to fight to the death against Popery, without knowing whether Popery were a man or a horse. But Defoe's England at least was not ruled by a neurotic despot and equipped with the death-forces of modern science.

It seems, then, truer than ever that dictatorship involves not merely misery for its subjects, but also their steady and relentless degradation. Card-index, finger-print, microphone, and all the other devices of detection and organization which the machine-age has put at the service of criminology, become on a vaster scale the instruments of a criminal government. The scientist and the bureaucrat lend themselves to chain the human spirit with fetters more diabolically ingenious than Force and Violence ever hammered round Prometheus on the crags of Caucasus. Yet the fundamental principles of despotism do not change. The tallest poppies are still beheaded; and under this unnatural selection the whole stock dwindles to dwarfdom. Individual variation is discouraged. And yet it was the value of such variation for progress that gave even sex its fundamental place in the world. Sex was not needed to continue the race. Life can, and does, go on without; but without sex there is less variation; and therefore less evolution. The totalitarian State, however, prefers the uniformity of the amoeba. The dictators yelp perpetually about raising the birth-rate; they are still busier aborting the birth of ideas. They praise physical courage; but moral courage they detest. Every great tyrant needs and breeds a host of smaller ones as tools.

So it happens that a nation is bastardized in the name of efficiency; and a bastardized nation ceases to be efficient.

Order, indeed, it may still have—the order of the cemetery. And the bastardizing colossus who has done it all loses in his lonely eminence all touch with truth—for who dare tell him?

Finally, the great flaw in the "efficiency" of dictatorships is not only the degradation of the nation, but also the degradation of the dictator himself. More and more I believe that for nine men out of ten, perhaps for ninety-nine out of a hundred, unchecked power over their fellows becomes an intoxicant poison. And so all dictatorships lead at last to Moscow.

Even if a dictator resists all the temptations of his autocracy, his efficiency is perpetually hampered by the need to guard it. "What will you do," a Nazi was asked, "if you come into power?" "Keep it!" But a ruler who has always, so to speak, one hand on his revolver and one eye reading police-reports, halves his effectiveness. Further, the police and the spies, and the police who watch the police, and the spies who spy upon the spies, have all to be paid. How many idle and unproductive toughs in blackshirts, all sucking the finances of the State, does any journey through Italy reveal! For them, for the shows and circuses, for the trumpets and the megalomania it is always the unhappy taxpayer that must find the money, when the unwary foreign investor has at last, though the stupidest of God's creatures, ceased to lend. But why is modern man so eager to be enslaved? Apart from economic causes, there is, I believe, a psychological need to-day in Europe, after the batterings of twenty-five years, to abdicate responsibility and identity, as mediæval man fled to the shelter of the monastery. Religion fades; but here is at least a substitute.

"Fascism," says Mussolini in the *Enciclopedia Italiana*, "is a religious conception." "Life, as conceived by Fascism, is serious, religious, and austere; poised in a world that is ruled by the moral and responsible forces of the spirit." We may think it a strange kind of "moral spirit" that stoops to murder and torture, a curious form of "religious austerity" that flays and blinds women and children with mustard-gas to loot the mineral wealth of Abyssinia; but these phrases are not meant to be rational. That is precisely their power. As Disraeli said, what grips multitudes is passion—"Mormon has more votaries than Bentham." And when Fascism

proclaims, " *Tutto è nello stato* "—" Individualism is dead," it is appealing to something very potent, though—indeed, because—primitive. When D. H. Lawrence in his *Plumed Serpent* pictured the ancient horrors of Aztec worship being revived in the twentieth century, it seemed very silly and unreal. It *was* very silly; but it was not, alas, unreal. The idea that the individual is nothing, the community all, is no novelty; it too, is a reversion to primitive barbarism, to the tribal savagery that believes, not in personal responsibility, but in collective vendetta. The individual does not exist; only the group. This was the superstition that man shook off more than two thousand years ago, when Ezekiel rose in Israel to protest that the sour grapes of the fathers should no more set the children's teeth on edge; when in Hellas Aeschylus denied hereditary guilt, and Sophocles made his Antigone defy the inhuman edicts of the State, and Thucydides glorified Athenian personality in contrast to that Spartan militarism which is in practice, as Plato's kindred Republic in theory, the true prototype of our totalitarian States.

To-day once more minds overburdened by civilization, shrinking from the lonely abyss of personality, are only too glad to huddle back into the blind warmth of this ancestral cave. There one can " lose oneself in the mass; " there one can " share " with the group; there one can cast off identity, like the mystic, in the happy insentience of the womb. " It is so wonderful," said a Nazi visitor to Cambridge, " to feel that in Germany we all think alike." He meant: ' to think that we all feel alike; and need no longer think at all.' Hence the German students' cry—" *Wir scheissen auf die Freiheit.*" They prefer to the cold peaks of freedom the ecstasy of hypnotic incantations with " the Blood " and " the Race; " the mad herd-rush of the lemmings, even " down a steep place into the sea." After all, even T. E. Lawrence, worn out by the strain of the War, the disillusion of the Peace, asked only to lose himself in the monastic, disciplined nonentity of an aircraftsman's blue serge. It is " *il secolo d'autorità* "—a period, in fact, when masses of men ask only to be treated like shirts. This familiar Freudian weariness of individual responsibility, of the burden of living and willing, may go so far as to

become even a death-wish ; as in that German youth, mentioned by Sir Philip Gibbs, whose prayer at his first Communion was to die with a French bullet in his heart. It is not the less formidable for being perverse.

Themistocles used to tell his Athenian countrymen that if only they lived on an island they might have defied the world ; till yesterday we did live on an island and defy the world. Perhaps the blackest disaster in the history of democracy will prove to have been the invention of the aeroplane. "*Tremblez!*" said Talleyrand a century ago, "*insensés que vous êtes, des succès de l'empereur sur les Anglais! Car si la constitution anglaise est détruite, mettez-vous bien dans la tête que la civilisation du monde sera ébranlée jusque dans ses fondements.*"

To-day, it *is* shaken. But do we really still believe in the idea of democracy ? Are men, if not "tired of liberty," yet *blasé* and disillusioned about it ? Yes. The reason is stupid, obvious, and human. The nineteenth century hoped everything from political liberty. A magic genie, wiser than Solomon, was to emerge from the ballot-box. The genie did not emerge. We can see why. Political liberty is not enough. Ten votes will not make "free" a man with only twenty-five shillings a week. Then human stupidity, having found political freedom of so little help without economic freedom also, decided that political freedom was worthless. Half the loaf was too little ; and so it was flung away, by many thinkers, in favour of the husks of dictatorship.

I have tried to suggest that the last fifteen years have proved once more what should have needed no proving, that dictatorship is one of the many short-cuts which in the end prove the longest way round. Because human nature is too weak and too wicked. You cannot have wholesale revolutions without violence ; and violence turns men to beasts. You cannot have wholesale revolutions without arbitrary power ; and arbitrary power turns them to tyrants. Most human minds are like a house with a tiger in a *papier-mâché* cupboard ; violence may always set the tiger free.

Therefore uncontrolled governments go bad. This may seem a pessimistic view of human nature. It is. It was perhaps permissible for eighteenth-century *philosophes* before

the Revolution to be optimistic about men and believe in perfectibility to-morrow. For us there is no such excuse. We have seen too much—or else we are blind. After the War and the Peace, after the French and Russian Revolutions, we should know a little more of human weakness, ferocity, and stupidity. Of all the tenets of theologians, few have possessed so much reality as the doctrine of "original sin." Men used to uphold democratic government because they trusted human nature; it is wiser to uphold it because we cannot trust human nature. It is hardly worth changing old worlds for new, where, after infinite misery, new Bureaucrat is merely old Bourgeois writ larger. And if Communism has become the corruption of a noble idea, Fascism has no ideas whatever, except that the finest human being is a soldier, the finest state an army. Better worship Karl Marx than a drill-sergeant. "*Quand les sauvages de la Louisiane veulent avoir du fruit, ils coupent l'arbre au pied, et cueillent le fruit. Voilà le gouvernement despotique.*" So thought Montesquieu. But perhaps we are savages still.

THE ARMY AND ITS OFFICERS

By Lieut.-Col. Viscount Bridgeman

IT is one of the curious features of our national life that while public interest in the Navy is continuous, and while interest in the Air Force bids fair to become so, the Army and its members have been alternately remembered and forgotten for the past three hundred years. In accordance with tradition since the Restoration the existence of the Army has been no more than grudgingly accepted by Parliament and still more grudgingly paid for out of public funds: since the War, Parliament and the public have run true to form, and the boom of interest in military affairs occasioned by the War was followed by the equally inevitable slump.

This is said not by any way of complaint, but merely as a statement of fact, for it explains how it can be that a state of affairs has arisen, unheeded by the Press or the public and resulting in a deficiency of nearly a thousand officers. Hence the appointment last summer of the Willingdon Committee which, it is understood, has now reported to the Army Council.

Not that the matter has never received any consideration in military circles. The Haldane Committee on the supply of officers sat in 1923, as readers of *The Times* were reminded last year by the Military Correspondent's articles on "Brains in the Army." (Since then committees have sat under Lord Marley, Lord Stanhope and Lord Strathcona, successive Under Secretaries of State.) But no major changes in policy have resulted or, at any rate no change of policy, even if it has been adopted in principle, has ever been given more than the limited practical application represented by the introduction of the selected majors' list and the "axing" of a few score captains some three years ago.

The British Army has pursued a singularly haphazard policy in regard to the supply of its officers. In the eighteenth century

they were a strange mixture; men of good family, like Marlborough and Wellington or, to take lesser names, Granby and Amherst; *protégés* of wealthy and often discerning patrons, like Wolfe and Moore, soldiers of fortune in their scores, not a few men commissioned on the battlefield from the ranks, who, not being able to purchase higher rank, spent their service in the ranks of ensign or lieutenant; younger sons of the landed families, like Sterne's Uncle Toby. The supply was adequate, and in those days of financial latitude it was not necessary to go beyond the low rates of pay, 5/3 a day for the ensign—or a —guinea once every four days, which remained in force till 1914.

The Victorian period was a time of prosperity for the landed and middle classes, and a time of large families; consequently, still there was forthcoming a supply of officers of the traditional type and, even if the cost of living was tending to rise after the South African War, the economic conditions of the officer class as a whole had changed very little by 1914. A high proportion were still retiring in early middle age, often on the death of their fathers, and a further considerable number were leaving the Army every year after a few years service, while still subalterns. It was rare therefore that officers who had no private means were forced into retirement through age at a rank below that of Major, which, assuming the pre-war retiring age of 50 with twenty-nine years service would have carried a pension of some £300 a year (with income tax less than a quarter of what it is to-day).

Since the War, the whole problem has undergone fundamental change. It is a commonplace to stress the higher cost of living, the higher taxation and the burdens on agricultural land from which the incomes of a high proportion of the pre-war officers were directly or indirectly derived; but it is not sufficiently realized in every quarter that the difficulties of the officer problem are, at bottom, economic and will not be solved until they have been properly studied from the economic standpoint.

It must now, therefore, be accepted that, apart from the Brigade of Guards and a few other regiments, notably the Cavalry and the Green Jackets, the bulk of the officers of the army depend on the Army for their livelihood for the whole of their lives and are, in fact, in the same position as the bulk of

Civil Servants of the Higher Division, and of professional men generally. These, be it remembered, expect their professional life to last till the age of sixty years, unlike the Army officer, who may easily be retired for age at 45, with a maximum Captain's pension of £271 a year, a family to educate and doubtful prospects of suitable employment.

This estimate of a retiring age of 45 may sound pessimistic, but is based on a factor which may not be generally appreciated. The intake of regular officers during the Great War, even after allowing for casualties due to the War, was very much in excess of the average; moreover, in 1918 and 1919 a large number of commissions were given to those who had entered Woolwich and Sandhurst as cadets before the Armistice. The numbers entered were calculated on war requirements, and no casualties thinned their ranks; the bulk of these are still serving. In the writer's regiment, for example, out of 82 officers on the strength in December, 1936, 37 were commissioned between August, 1914 and March, 1920, and the thirty-first captain on the list was thirty-six years of age at that time. It is plain, therefore, that failing some very drastic steps the period between 1940 and 1945 will see the great majority of these officers retiring for age as captains though, admittedly, the position after that date should improve. By then, however, the harm will have been done, and the presence of a large number of officers "sorrowful, as men without hope" in the interval will have done the Army no good.

Now let us consider the problem of the officer's expenses. If we start with the subaltern, we find that he receives, as a Second-Lieutenant, some £180 yearly in pay when he joins. He also is lodged free and receives free furniture which, by the way, does not include carpet, curtains or bed linen, as it does in the Air Force. He gets free light and should also get his room heated free, but whether he does so in fact depends on whether the barracks, many of which have antiquated heating arrangements, can be kept warm on the supply of fuel allowed. He is allowed the use, or share, of a soldier servant, but will pay him some £6 yearly. He is allowed the same rations as the soldier (excluding the free supper newly supplied to the troops); to raise the standard of messing from that of the soldier to that of the

officer he has to pay, as a rule, at least three shillings daily, or £54 yearly. His Mess bill will, in fact, amount to more than double this amount, even assuming, as we should do, that he keeps his bill for drink and tobacco very low indeed, for he has to pay his share of the upkeep of the mess, and certain subscriptions to such things as regimental games funds for officers and men; his uniform will be new on joining and should cost him little for the first two years or so if he stays at home (though there will be another tailor's bill if he goes abroad), but there will be his washing, boot repairs and the like, and the upkeep of his plain clothes, so that if at the end of the year the newly-joined officer who is living on his pay has £25 to use as he likes he will be very lucky and withal a young man of considerable "resource and sagacity."

The question arises whether the same young man with the same antecedents and education could at the same age earn better money in any civil occupation, and the answer must in the main be no. None the less, the young civilian may be earning a better real wage, for he may be living at home, and furthermore, provided he maintains the requisite standard of dress and behaviour when at work, it is seldom that any supervision is exercised over his doings out of business hours; he can, if he wishes, economize in his lodging or his food in a way that is impossible for the young officer who can only economize in drink and may not always find it easy to do that; he is forced into the standard of the Mess, whether it suits him or not. Again, the young civilian as a rule works a full day; he has no leisure to use wisely or well, and even in the Army it is very difficult to use leisure wisely without spending money; it is idle to advise young officers without private means to shoot or hunt, and even ball games cost something, however small. But we must return later to this question of leisure.

The financial picture becomes more cheerful for the first ten years of the officer's service, for his expenses remain broadly the same, and increments of pay come at three and seven years' service; by his tenth year he will be thirty years of age, and within a year or two he will be promoted captain. At thirty also he becomes eligible for allowances at the rates for married

officers, and it is not unreasonable to imagine that he will be considering marriage.

This question of marriage is not one which can be disregarded from the official point of view, if only because nearly half the cadets entered at Woolwich and Sandhurst are at present the sons of officers; the ability of the present generation of officers to bring up and educate their families will clearly affect the supply of officers in say fifteen years' time. What then are the conditions under which a newly married junior captain of say thirty-three years of age finds himself? Much depends on the station where he is serving, and whether there is available for him a Government house or "quarter" as a house has to be called if it belongs to the War Department. If so, he loses his lodging allowance of £80 a year or 31/6 weekly, but it is most unlikely that, if there are no government quarters available, he can rent an unfurnished house for the amount of his allowance. The difference has to be borne from his pay. Likewise, he is liable to be moved at little or no notice: if he is in a government quarter, well and good, but if not he may have two houses on his hands for a time with no means of redress; and when he moves he will find that the cost of moving the furniture required to fill a government quarter for a captain will be about twice the amount of the allowance he receives for the move; likewise he will find, especially if he is a Territorial Army Adjutant, that it is extremely difficult to undertake the travelling required and meet the expense of meals away from his home or usual place of work on the allowances given.

Some four years ago, at Aldershot, an unofficial committee of officers' wives was, so the report goes, assembled to investigate the cost of living for the average young married officer, occupying a quarter, running a light car and father of a family of one or two children under five years of age, living as simply as was possible consistently with maintaining the standard of life in a Line Regiment. The total annual income required worked out at £200 above the total of pay and allowances. While any such figure is bound to be a matter of opinion, the writer, from his own first-hand knowledge, fully accepts this conclusion.

Here again, even more than in the bachelor subaltern's case the real wages of the officer are reduced, so that his emoluments

not perhaps inadequate on paper, are diminished not only in the same way as those of the subaltern, but also because the services which the married officer is supposed to receive at no charge on his pay, the chief of which are the cost of lodging and the cost of moves, are not fully covered by allowances and so cause inroads into his pay.

The reader may perhaps think that too much time has been taken up in this examination of the officers' housekeeping details, but, in the view of the writer, no examination of the problem can lead to good results unless it begins from a beginning of economics; and his conclusions are that, while the emoluments of the average "middle-piece" regimental officer are on paper not disproportionate to the salary which the same man might expect to earn in civil life, the officer is in practice worse off. For two reasons: first because of the discrepancy between theoretical wages and real wages, secondly because the wage-earning period stops far earlier than in civil life.

What then are the remedies?

It is impracticable to raise the age-limit for the "middle-piece" officers, for the army is maintained with a view to employment in war, and the Great War proved amply that only the comparatively young are capable of standing the strain of service in war in the junior ranks; if one recollects that the average age of company commanders in and after 1917 was about 24 or less, a retiring age of 45 for captains in peace-time is fully high enough, even when allowance is made for the number of posts available on mobilization for the more elderly.

A more promising possibility would be the reduction of the total establishment of officers so as to reduce the disproportion of the junior ranks to the senior and thereby enable a greater number of those who take a commission to reach field rank or higher. The Royal Air Force, at least till recently, found this problem acute because it was felt necessary that every aeroplane should be flown by an officer; they solved the problem by their system of short-service commissions for four years and thus gave permanent regular officers, the cadets from Cranwell, expectation of higher rank sufficient to make the service attractive as a career. Much the same problem exists in the Royal

Tank Corps to-day since the arguments for a commissioned officer being in command of each pair of tanks are strong ones.

Short-service commissions on the Royal Air Force model are thus a possible remedy, though the experience of that service does not altogether encourage the army to copy the experiment : for the difficulty of securing a really suitable type of young man, if he is to be thrown on the labour market in four years' time, is obvious.

If there is to be any dilution of the younger regular officers, it is much more likely to be successful if their places are filled by Warrant Officers or non-commissioned officers, than by another kind of officer.* In peace-time, such a scheme would work well, and in fact works well now, when owing to shortage of officers, leave, courses and so forth, troops and platoons are often commanded by sergeants ; every year the educational standard of the non-commissioned ranks improves, and there is no danger whatever of the problems of mechanization proving too much for the Sergeants Mess. But what of war ? Here is the age-old problem : can a non-commissioned officer lead troops with the same success as the commissioned officer of the right type, will he display his same resource and courage, and will the troops follow him in the same way ? Mobile warfare, for which the Army is now training, accentuates the problem, for the greater dispersion inherent in such warfare is likely to offer correspondingly greater opportunities for the display of initiative by the junior leader, and a corresponding loss of efficiency on the battlefield if this initiative is not displayed. There is, therefore, a considerable risk to be faced in any dilution of the traditional type of junior leader by another type, but in the writer's opinion it is a risk which could be safely faced if selection of the new type of junior leader were made at a comparatively early age.

What of the pay ? An increase would naturally be welcome, but can it be justified, beyond small adjustments to meet rises in the cost of living ? As has been said above, it is probable that the average army officer is earning as much as he would in civil life ; if so, an increase would not be a reasonable burden

*Since this article was written the Minister of War, in presenting the Army Estimates to the Commons, has outlined reforms exactly on the lines indicated by Lord Bridgeman. Ed. *The Fortnightly.*

for the taxpayer to bear. The remedy lies in the scale of allowances; the rates should be revised, and that quickly, so that the officers may receive the real cost of lodging and moves instead of an allowance at a rate which has no relation to real costs save, perhaps, in the dreams of a Treasury official.

Finally, there remains the problem of employment when the time comes, as it must, in many cases for an officer (with a young family) to leave the service in early middle age. There has been a good deal of thought given to the problem already, and in particular by one writer, under the pen-name of "Tallow," to whom Army officers owe a great debt. There are, in fact, quite a number of appointments which are regularly offered to Army Officers. Secretaryships of Hospitals and Golf Clubs are examples; so are the posts which are fast being created under the schemes for the expansion of physical training, and for Air Raid precautions; but it is surely time that something more was done, as a matter of Government policy. Whatever may be true now, it cannot be said that the civil departments in Whitehall have always been helpful in the past over this question of employment of ex-service personnel, particularly officers. As to the soldiers, however, the Post Office has a notably good record, and to-day the ex-regular soldier, leaving the Army after twenty-one years with a good character, can count on the offer of employment in the Postal Service. Nor has the Postal Service been the loser.

There seems no reason in principle why such an arrangement should not be extended to the ex-officer and to other Government Departments. Every officer receives a considerable amount of administrative training during his service, and its adaptation to the work of, say, the Ministry of Labour or the Ministry of Health or the Board of Customs and Excise would not seem to be difficult. There would also be an economy by the retention of officers in the public service instead of pensioning them at an early age. There are many departmental interests to conciliate, but surely they weigh little in the balance against the requirements of national defence, which include an efficient and contented corps of officers in the Army.

In the last few years the problem of mechanization has complicated the issue; in the past the horse has been largely

responsible for the appeal which the Army has made to the young man with small means, and it is a matter of some doubt whether the machine will make an adequate appeal to the same type of young man.

Many lamentations have been made on this theme, principally in the cavalry, but in other arms as well—because since the war riding has been on the increase rather than otherwise among officers of the dismounted branches of the Army, by means of schemes for the loan of cavalry troop horses. Once again, there is a risk to be faced, but the issue is not to be avoided, since the horse is evidently leaving the British Army, never to return. Much could be written about this, but the experience of the 11th Hussars and the 12th Lancers, regiments which were mechanized in 1926, makes it at least doubtful whether the risk is serious. The advent of mechanics may indeed deter the less useful type of officer, but when all is said and done the army, even without the horse, surely remains far more attractive than business to those who prefer an outdoor life and an employment which is not jeopardized by bad trade or dull conditions on the Stock Exchange.

It may be that, in the future, mechanization may require more work from the individual officer than of old ; the amount of work demanded of officers has been steadily rising during the last ten years and will go on rising for some years to come, not only because the tactical methods are constantly changing and require constant study but because of modern weapons and equipment : anti-aircraft guns and light tanks, anti-gas equipment and wireless for example, all require from the modern cavalryman or infantryman a technical knowledge which his predecessor never dreamed of acquiring. But this is not a matter for serious misgiving. It is never the good man who is frightened by work, nor, as has been said above, is it necessarily right to afford too much leisure to young men who have not the facilities to make good use of it.

So far, it may be said, we have been considering the average officer and have, in fact, been studying how to make the army "safe for mediocrity." But, after all, the bulk of members of the Army or any other profession must always be the average men. Yet it is not the average men who lead the Army in

thought and action, and the Army would quickly stagnate in the absence of any inducement to brains and talent.

This, in fact, has been happening in recent years, not because the average officer has been too well treated but because since the War until the recent Army changes at the top accelerated promotion has been a dead letter, or practically so. The system of brevet promotions has indeed conferred higher rank on some of the more promising officers, but no corresponding pay and, in the main, no appointments of a higher grade than they would have held if they had not received brevet majorities or lieutenant-colonelcies.

Accelerated promotion to Captain, where it has been given, has indeed resulted in an officer being promoted earlier than would have happened otherwise, but the result has nearly always been that the officer goes to another regiment where promotion has been rapid, and finds himself junior to men who are younger than him, and received their first commission later.

There is an officer of the writer's acquaintance, who in the war received the Military Cross with two bars. He was badly placed as a subaltern and was promoted to captain before his turn into another regiment. There he found himself junior to a man who had been a non-commissioned officer in his platoon during the war. In his new regiment promotion was again slow, though it had improved in his former regiment, so that last year, when he went on half-pay, he was lower on the list of captains in his new regiment than he would have been had he stayed in his old one and been promoted captain in the ordinary course.

It cannot be said that, for the seventeen years since the War, the Army has been a career open to the talents, and with the farcical state of affairs of which the above is an indication it is not surprising that many of the older officers are despondent; rather it is remarkable that at the end of the period there has been found so large a proportion of officers still possessed of the faith and hope required for the Army's new adventure. For the end of the dark age seems at last to have come.

During the last few months there has been evidence of the most welcome kind that real selection is being exercised. Not only was the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lord

Gort, chosen from the ranks of the junior Major-Generals in the Army, but five of the most important major-general's appointments have gone to officers who under the old dispensation would never have been considered. They are the Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, the Commandants of the Royal Military Academy and the Royal Military College, the Director of Military Training and the Commandant of the Staff College. Another instance is that of an officer who holds the V.C. and the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, but the regimental rank of Major, being selected for the command of a regular Brigade. But he did command a battalion in the war, twenty years ago!

Still, these few swallows do not make a summer, and it remains to be seen whether after so spectacular a start the same principles will be applied, with the same discerning selection of personalities in dealing with the problem of the lower ranks.

This depends largely on the outcome of the Willingdon report. What are to be its recommendations it would be unwise to forecast, but they are said to be far-reaching in character: if so, the financial arrangements required to make them operative are certain to cause difficulty.

It is a moment of great importance to the Army and to its officers, and on the issue depends the prospect of a supply of officers to meet the needs of the modern mechanical army, and of brains and character to direct its progress in peace and, if need be, successful employment in war; it is no time to apply a palliative, or to rest content with a few striking but transitory changes. But no scheme of reform will be of lasting value unless it deals with the two-fold problem of providing a career for the average officer of small private means and at the same time securing the advancement of the outstanding officer. On the solution to the first part of the problem will depend the future supply of the rank and file of the army officers: it will be reached when the economic issues are squarely faced. On the solution to the second part will depend the progress and welfare of the army as a whole.

Let us hope for real reforms; the files of the War Office are full enough of good intentions already to pave the way to a place to which one hopes the Army may never go.

CAN THE DRAMA HAVE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE?

By Hubert Griffith

TO the man in the street, and to his Government as democratically elected by him, there are at least three obvious and sufficient reasons why the Drama can claim no social importance—hardly indeed, is allowed the status of an "Art" among other arts. By successive Governments (with the complete indifference of the huge majority of their electors) the Drama is treated not as a full art, but rather as some despised and bedraggled half-sister of the arts—and hardly respectable at that; to be snubbed and stood in the corner, at the will of an arbitrary Censorship; to be denied official encouragement—Painting has its National Gallery, but there is as yet no farthing of State money for a National Theatre; and finally, not only to be denied official encouragement, but to be sharply discouraged by a punitive 20% tax on turnover—the State, as it were, taking a handsome percentage of the slut's immoral earnings.

Two of these questions have been debated so often that they need not be debated again here—the National Theatre question, and the Entertainment Tax. The third question, that of the Drama being officially treated as a spoilt and irresponsible child, to be slapped and ejected from the room at will, at the instance of an extremely rigid Censorship, is of at least equal importance, in the light of the drama having (or ever hoping to have) a social significance.

A very few instances are enough to show the Censorship at work in detail, and thence to show it at work in general. There is one with which we are all familiar. "Victoria Regina" was produced at the little Gate Theatre under Charing Cross arches a few years ago. The Gate is a private "subscription" theatre, outside the Censor's jurisdiction. "Victoria Regina," dealing (need one add ?) with the life of Queen Victoria, was at that time

a "banned" play. Later, it ran for two years in New York, before crowded audiences; and, later again, was licensed for London production—a belated triumph of a British public being allowed to see a play, by a British author, about a British Queen, two years after our American cousins. (It has since played to £70,000 of London theatre-goers' money, and has, by the same token, contributed something like £14,000 in tax to the British Exchequer—a point at which "immoral earnings" become distinctly worth having.)

"Young Woodley," a play by a young British dramatist, was unconditionally banned from the British stage; it was then played for a year in New York; it was then licensed for London production—and made a reputation for its author, and for every actor and actress concerned with it. "Blanco Posnet," the work of our greatest living dramatist, was kept off the British stage for a trifle of nearly twenty years—and was then licensed, without a word of the original script being altered. A play of my own (one dislikes being personal, but the narration points a general moral) was unconditionally banned by the Censor. It was called "Red Sunday." It dealt with the Russian Revolutions of 1905 and 1917. It had been played with success at a private "subscription" theatre. It was offered an immediate transfer to a large west-end theatre—but it was unconditionally barred because it contained, as one of its characters, the Tsar Nicholas II. The point of the moral is that every historian, every biographer, is at liberty to take what view he likes of the character of the unhappy Tsar—even the blackest. He can publish his views. I, for purposes of my drama, had taken the kindliest possible view—but the play was banned because I had brought him on to the stage in any guise whatever! History may write (and print) her own detached judgments. The Drama is not allowed to make her own very mild comment on contemporary (or even twenty-year-old) affairs.

The point is an important one, for it relates not only to past and forgotten plays that have been written and banned, but to plays of the present and the future, in the minds of young dramatists of the present and of the time to come. Three subjects, in general, may be said to be debarred by the Censorship

as it exists at present—plays whose theme throws any new and original light on Politics, Religion, and Sex. But these three subjects, and their various sub-headings, are, according to Mr. Shaw himself, the three subjects about which intelligent people most readily think and talk. Nevertheless, the Drama in general is warned: "keep off!" No young playwright welcomes the idea of having a play (that may well represent a year's work) brought to ruin by the edict of an official whose decision he can neither question nor oppose. If he has his pocket to consider, he "keeps off", and the serious plays of the moment remain, for the most part, unwritten. Is it unfair to say that this treatment places the Drama in the position of being—not even a disreputable half-sister of the arts—but rather their idiot-child, who can't be trusted alone without its nurse?

A single light amid this encircling gloom—the gloom of a drama where intellectual idea are only allowed to penetrate with the greatest difficulty—is the prestige now being enjoyed by the Gate Theatre. The Gate Theatre starts with certain important disadvantages. It is "excavated" (rather than built) out of Charing Cross Arches in Villiers Street. It holds no more than two hundred people in its auditorium, and its stage-space is small. It cannot afford large salaries for its actors, and pays them a flat rate of £3 a week, principals and small-part actors alike. This reduces, or elevates, the work of acting at the Gate to something like a labour of love, not to be undertaken regularly, but only in intervals between more lucrative jobs such as appearing at West-end theatre or making films. In these circumstances it is not surprising that Gate performances are occasionally scrappy; it is surprising that they often attain to the high level that they do. But in the choice of plays the Gate Theatre—being free from the Censor's jurisdiction—can have a range and interest beyond the scope of all the other London theatres put together.

Mr. Norman Marshall, its director, goes about his business with extreme intelligence. He makes free use of his immunity from censorship, without abusing it. He steers a moderate course between the so-called high-brow and the commercial. He has a personal preference for the rather slight and delicate plays of Jean-Jacques Bernard, and in the course of some

seasons has produced the whole series of six of them. But he is not at all unaware of the main chance, and saw the possibilities of (and staged) " Victoria Regina " long before fortunes had been made out of it in the West-end and in New York. He did the " Parnell " play before it was licensed and transferred to the west-end ; and an interesting " Gladstone " play, that was refused a licence and so could not be transferred.

Here, then, at this one small theatre, is a drama that can be said to have Social Significance. It can produce English, Continental, Russian, and American plays, dealing freely and variously with life, politics, the public figures of the recent past, with sex (if it so wishes), with religion (if it so wishes). It can do so for two reasons. One of these reasons is its freedom from the Censorship. The second reason—an equally important one —for I am far from wishing to attribute all evils in the British drama to the single fact of the Censorship—is that the Gate possesses, in its subscription-list, a trained and intelligent public.

It is now that we come to the second semi-circle, as it were, of the vicious circle that keeps the London drama as a polite after-dinner diversion, neither handing nor wishing to handle any topic of first-rate interest. It is the theatre-going public itself that, in the course of long years of submission to the Censor's ban, has fed itself on the pap-diet of light comedies and crook-plays to a point where its stomach can take nothing stronger— where it has seriously come to believe that light comedies and crook-plays are the legitimate " meat " of drama, and that the discussion of anything graver or of more social import would, between the walls of a theatre, be actually out of place.

Follow me down the London theatre-list of the moment. It happens to be an unusually brilliant one, for there are, as does not always happen, masterpieces among it. Chekhov's " The Three Sisters " and O'Neill's immense drama, " Mourning Becomes Electra " are both running. One of them, it is true, is a forty-year old play, and the other is a study of an American family in the eighteen-sixties, so no very pressing social significance can be claimed for either of them ; but they are at least great emotional experiences, and glorify the stage that produces them. Thereafter, there is a comedy by Mr. St. John Ervine

"Robert's Wife," very much above the general average; two reasonably interesting plays in which Mr. Priestley exploits his own or someone else's time-theory; and two manufactured dramas in which Miss Flora Robson and Miss Margaret Rawlings show that they are dramatic actresses of ability. (I repeat that I am not taking the London stage at a weak moment, but at a moment when it has a more than usual number of trumps in its hand.)

But after we have reached this point in the list—what then? We come back upon what is the normal fare, year in, year out, for as many years as I have been a dramatic critic, some sixteen years in all—"light" comedies—meaning farces or semi-farces, and crook dramas. Fourteen of these are running at the moment. The Aldwych has a farce (which has run a year), so has the Ambassadors', the Apollo, the Criterion (a light comedy that has run a year), Drury Lane (with music), the Gaiety, the Garrick, the Hippodrome, the Haymarket, His Majesty's, the Saville, the St. James', the Strand, the Vaudeville, the Whitehall, and Wyndham's. Three of these plays, "George and Margaret," "French Without Tears" and "The Housemaster," have all run a year or more.

Am I against light comedies? Not at all. I have spent far too many pleasantly agreeable evenings at them. They represent (in a certain limited sense) the modern genius of English acting. But when I find them, or their equivalents, the crook-dramas, taking up theatres with the tradition of Wyndham's, the Haymarket, the St. James', the Criterion and a dozen others—and taking them up in certain cases for more than a year at a time—then I suggest that the proportion is a little too high.

It is a little too high, because another side of the drama—an aspect of the drama that works on the assumption that plays may occasionally help us in our deepest difficulties, may shed a light to show us how we as a nation really live, is not represented *at all.*

You might ask, frankly, am I agitating for a few more plays that deal with grey realities and thorny problems—political or "propagandist" plays, as they might easily be called—plays that allowed us to be reminded, even in undertones, that for the

last decade the unemployment mark has remained steadily at about two million persons ; that there are still slums in England comparable with what we imagine Russia at its worst to be ; that a European war is waiting for us round the corner, and may or may not be in process of being averted ; that the churches are losing their influence ; that the marriage-code, in all but outward semblance, is very largely in process of breaking down—for plays that deal with some aspect of one of these ? And my answer is, frankly, that these are exactly the sort of plays that I am agitating for.

In sixteen years of post-war dramatic criticism, during which time some thousands of plays passed under my review, I remember *one* play (done in a large way, at a West-end theatre) that dealt with the devastating question of unemployment, " Love on the Dole." The play performed the function, valuable in a play, of showing one half of a community how the other half may be living. The effect, as need hardly be said, was tremendous. The critics (wont to babble in their unguarded moments that " propaganda can't be art " and so forth), saved their reputations and came down heavily in favour of the play. It was described as " an unforgettable experience," " moving beyond description," " there is more truth and reality and vigour in one corner of Mrs. Bull's shawl than in the entire casts of the six most popular drawing-room plays now drawing the West-end." Lastly, a critic suggested that the immediate question was " not whether the play is good enough for London, but whether London is good enough for *it*."

And here he had made a very shrewd remark indeed. In the end, the play ran for many months to crowded houses, it made the reputation of its authors, and it made the reputation of its young leading actress, Miss Wendy Hiller. But the significant fact is that in its early days it very nearly didn't run at all! In spite of the unanimously favourable and enthusiastic notices, the ordinary London theatre-goers' reaction was that unemployment was obviously " not a theme for a play." I heard this identical remark many times over. The London playgoer's first impulse was to stop away. Going myself to the play on its third or fourth night, I was one of no more than a dozen people in the dress-circle. If the play had

had a little less capital behind it, it would have been unable to tide over its early days, and would have had to be taken off straight away. To such a depth of feebleness has fashionable taste in plays descended !

There is a country where they do things better than us in this matter of plays of " social significance." (No; I am *not* referring, for the moment, to Soviet Russia! I respect the modern Russian theatre for the intensity and vitality that it puts into its classics ; for the brilliance of its acting ; for the boldness of its experimental range. But—with exceptions—it has produced almost no plays of the front rank since the Revolution ; its censorship of modern work can be extremely rigid ; and of its general run of modern plays it is not unfair to say that the majority are " too propagandist by half".)

I am referring to a stage far more like our own in many ways, and yet unlike it in one very important way—the stage of New York. New York has its own wise-cracking comedies (the equivalent of our own spate of " light comedies ") and its own crook-dramas. But it also produces a large number of plays dealing in one way or another with social questions ; and produces them, not in small hole-and-corner, " left " or " group " theatres, but in large Broadway theatres, where they run for months, and are accepted as part of Broadway's normal theatrical fare.

In New York last season I saw four Broadway plays—in the normal theatrical bill—all of which were based on, and built out of, an acute realization of social conditions. One of them was " The Women." This is a fashionable comedy, running with enormous success. But it is an extreme—almost venomous—social satire at the expense of a certain section of American womanhood—the set of Reno *divorcées*, with more money than they know what to do with, and nothing but scandal-mongering and stealing other peoples' husbands to occupy their time. As satire, it was devastating—and it was one of the best plays in New York.

There was also an extremely successful comedy called " Having A Wonderful Time." It was about a holiday-camp and its population. On the London stage this holiday-camp would almost certainly have been a " rich " holiday camp. It would have

been placed on the Riviera, and all its occupants would have been stated to be in possession of incomes of £2,000 a year and upwards. We like our plays like that. We love seeing, even for an evening in a theatre, how people richer than ourselves live. I repeat that the play was a comedy, and was a huge popular success. But it was at least a comedy based on the sympathetic realization that Friday night's wages are a major concern in almost all our lives. It was, in this sense, a social document.

Another play was the celebrated " Tobacco Row," dealing with the sub-human conditions of life of the " poor whites " of the South. The play is enough of a social document to have given rise to leading-articles in newspapers, to public discussions, to sermons from the pulpit—and to have been banned in Chicago, where it was thought that one half of the population should *not* be allowed to know how the other half lived. But there it was on Broadway, and there it had run for four solid years.

A last example is " Dead End," another play with a full year's run to its credit. It was a play of " mean streets." Its theme was the bitter truism that mean streets, slums and tenements, breed the pauper, the criminal and the gangster of the future. The play has been filmed ; and after seeing the film in London the other day a Labour politician said to me, " There's a show that does all our Labour propaganda for us—and does it better than we can do it ourselves! " But this play, of " political propaganda " if you look at it like that, of " social significance," to call it by a milder name, was, as I have hinted, for a year one of the main dramatic sensations of New York!

This, and the other plays that I have mentioned, were not done, as they would have been over here, for a single Sunday-night performance, nor by any little " arty " group, nor by any privileged " subscription " theatre under a railway-arch with an auditorium the size of a match-box. They were part of New York's general theatrical programme. They were popular. The New York theatre-going public has the belief (curious and strange to us) that the theatre *can*, in special circumstances

deal with the social problems of life—and be all the more vital and refreshing because of it.

The remedies that I suggest for the lamentable state of our own drama are three. That our critics cease their glib pretence, printed on so many occasions, that "propaganda cannot be art." The drama of centuries is against them. From Euripides with his anti-War play "The Trojan Women," to Shaw, great minds have used the theatre to embody their profoundest beliefs on human life and conduct; and a more profitable theme of speculation might be "Can there be serious drama *without* some measure of propaganda in it?"

Secondly, that our theatre-going public should at least compromise with (if not overcome) its prejudices, and agree that drama may (occasionally) be "allowed to say something about something that matters." It has seen such a play once, "Love on the Dole," and liked it. In the Life of Broncho Charlie—a celebrated Western gunman—occurs his remark, "When you've killed a man it don't seem no trouble at all to kill another—in fact, it comes right easy." If we have accepted one play of social significance, it will be no trouble at all (in fact, it may come right easy) to accept others, and find them exciting.

Lastly, the Censorship in its present restrictive capacity must go. Its moral influence is more cramping, even, than its practical influence. By the mere fact of its existence and its arbitrary powers, it keeps the drama low—and childishly low—in the scale of artistic values. It not only forbids the performance of plays that are already written, but acts as a contraceptive to plays that are not yet born.

It is unlikely that any future "progressive" Government could persuade its taxpayers to subsidize the English theatre. But at a single and uncostly stroke it could bring some life into the English theatre—could save the English theatre from dying of its own boredom and irrelevance—by curtailing the Censor's powers.

STRATEGICAL REALITIES OF THE PACIFIC

By Admiral Sir Barry Domvile

THERE was never a time in our history when it was more essential that policy and strategy should go hand in hand, and never have they been further estranged than during the last few years. To-day there are signs of returning sanity in our foreign relations. Let us hope it is not too late.

From a strategical point of view the trend of our post-war policy has been most unfortunate. Three countries with whom it is to our interest strategically to be on good terms have become potentially hostile. German friendship is needed for our safety at home : Italian goodwill for our security in the middle sea on the lines of communication to our Eastern Empire, and Japanese sympathy in the Far East for the safeguarding of our considerable interests in those regions. By force of circumstance Germany, Italy and Japan have been thrown together and have achieved a degree of collective security that has successfully eluded its sponsors in Geneva, against whom the trio are resentfully lined-up. Such is the sorry strategical position to which statesmanship has brought us.

It is impossible to consider the situation in the Far East without viewing simultaneously the position elsewhere. Strategy is even more indivisible than M. Litvinoff's peace has proved to be.

The rise of Japan in the political hierarchy is one of the most remarkable chapters in history. Eighty years ago Japan was practically unknown to foreigners. To-day she is a world Power. A great similarity exists between the mother countries of the British and Japanese Empires : both consist of islands separated from a continent by narrow waters. Each is highly industrialized and is not self-supporting. Japan is better off in this respect, as she only needs imported products for munitions and raw materials for industry, whilst Great Britain would starve

in a very short space if deprived of her sea communications.

The dissimilarity is equally striking. Great Britain discovered in the Middle Ages as the result of an expensive education that Sea Power throve best in islands. She left the neighbouring continent. The King of England ceased to be titular King of France. The British Empire was built up overseas. Japan, on the other hand, has progressively penetrated the mainland in search of economic and strategic frontiers. This penetration continues. Japan came into world politics rather too late for enterprise in other directions. History will shew whether her policy is wise. At all events, at the end of the War, Japan, untouched by the cataclysms that had swept Europe, was in a strong position. The Japanese Navy which had been steadily growing since the beginning of the century was by now a formidable force.

In 1921 the President of the United States invited the British Empire, Japan, France and Italy to a conference on limitation of armaments. A corollary to this invitation was our notice to terminate the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, an event which has had the most regrettable consequences. The Alliance was not in keeping with the new spirit of international co-operation that was abroad; Australia, New Zealand and Canada did not care about it either. But the main reason for its abrogation was the desire to please the United States who strongly objected to it. Presumably the American Government felt hemmed in between the two Allies. This sounds far-fetched, as the Alliance was never intended to embrace this contingency, but, in justice to the American point of view, there were moments during the Great War when their lot might well have been thrown in with Germany, when they would have found themselves in precisely the situation they were anxious to avoid. Desire to please our opulent trans-Atlantic neighbour has been the guiding principle of our foreign policy since the war. Nobody will deny that a good understanding with the United States should be the backbone of that policy. This ought not, however, to demand the surrender of our essential interests in deference to a Power who gives nothing in return. It has been a consistent delusion in this country that the United States will play a part in international action abroad. The delusion still persists, in

spite of the constantly reiterated American policy, originally formulated by President Monroe in 1823. Briefly this doctrine warns outsiders against interfering in the two Americas and at the same time declares that the United States have no desire to busy themselves, in a military sense, in other portions of the globe. Failure to recognize the existence of this policy has been responsible for a great deal of the trouble since the war, starting with the repudiation by the American people of the obligations accepted by their President at Versailles.

So at Washington the bone of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was discarded for the shadow of the Four Power Treaty. Japan was hurt at our attitude which she could not understand, and our relations have never regained their previous degree of cordiality. More important still, we have lost that opportunity for giving counsel and acting as a brake on Japanese impetuosity, which the Treaty gave us. The many head-shakings that took place when this wise instrument of policy was abandoned have been amply justified.

The American proposals at Washington allotted to the Japanese a navy three-fifths the strength of the navies of either the United States or the British Empire, between whom an agreement to parity had been already reached. The Japanese were perturbed at the size of their ration, and many weeks of consultation with Tokio elapsed before an answer was ready. This was to the effect that Japan would agree in principle to the proposal, provided the other signatories would contract not to develop further their naval bases within a range of Japanese coasts, which could be regarded as a potential menace to Japan. These bases included the American base at Manila in the Philippines and our own at Hong Kong, but excluded Singapore, which was too far off to be regarded as a threat to Japan. This was a very neat retort. It placed the Americans who had been busily proclaiming their pacific intentions in a quandary. They were being invited to give an earnest of their good will. It was not a matter of such great importance to ourselves, since Hong Kong could never have been developed as our principal naval base in the Far East. It was too exposed to attack. Political considerations prevailed, and the United States agreed to the Japanese proposal. This had the effect of successfully prevent-

ing their fleet from operating in the western half of the Pacific Ocean.

In these modern days, and especially since the introduction of mammoth battleships, it is out of the question for a fleet to make a long passage without a base suitably equipped at journey's end. Docks, moorings, repair plant, and so forth are all essential adjuncts to a fleet's efficiency, and though a good deal of assistance can be obtained from fleet auxiliaries, the dockyard remains a necessity.

Ships require docking not only for repairs after action and examination of underwater fittings, but also to remove the marine growths from their bottom plating which reduce so greatly their speed. Naval bases cannot be hastily improvised. In its existing condition the United States base at Manila was incapable of handling a modern fleet, and to send a fleet across the ocean without a base would have been to court disaster. We possessed a base at Hong Kong insufficiently equipped to accommodate a modern fleet of heavy ships. At Singapore a base was in process of development which would satisfy all naval material needs. The geographical situation of Singapore is such that a fleet stationed there protects the whole eastern flank of the Empire against attack by Japan. No hostile forces could advance and threaten India, Australia or New Zealand, whilst leaving a fleet in being at Singapore on the flank of their line of communications. As a base for defence, Singapore is admirable. But no commander preparing his campaign would be satisfied with a defensive policy. That would be merely committing suicide by instalments. He must prepare an offensive plan.

Naval strategy endeavours to keep the sea communications open for one's own purposes whilst simultaneously denying them to the enemy for his purposes. To do this efficiently, the battle fleet must advance to a position reasonably close to that of the enemy, which must be kept under observation. Behind the shelter of the battle fleet the cruisers and smaller craft do the more active work of keeping the seas clear, whilst the enemy battle fleet is prevented, by the presence of our own, from coming out and mopping up all and sundry vessels found on the sea highways. The only way that the enemy fleet can obtain

freedom of action is by defeating our fleet in battle. He may elect not to try this at once and may remain in harbour awaiting a more favourable opportunity. If our battlefleet cannot reach its advanced position the sea war becomes of the tip-and-run variety with no great hopes of bringing much maritime pressure to bear.

Japan is nearly 3,000 miles from Singapore. To carry out offensive strategy our fleet would have to operate from a base in Chinese waters more than 2,000 miles from its main base, and about 1,2000 miles from home. There is no experience of fighting at such long distances from Great Britain. In all our former big naval campaigns the enemy had the decency to be somewhere handy—Spain, France, Holland and Germany were all comparatively close.

Our naval forces were enabled to work on a correct strategic plan. The new problem that confronts our strategy is far more difficult. If it became necessary to despatch a fleet to the Far East, the minimum force that it would be fair to offer the Commander-in-Chief would be one equal to the Japanese Navy. This would only suffice for defensive strategy at Singapore, and would be the bare minimum that could be accepted, in view of the fact that the Japanese Fleet would also be working at a long distance from home, if it came out to give battle. If our fleet was intended to carry out correct strategy and work from an advanced base near Japan, it would need to be at least fifty per cent. stronger than the Japanese fleet. Good strategy requires that at any given moment the force available must be at least equal to the enemy forces. Japan could select her own time for battle. The fifty per cent. margin would be required to allow for ships necessarily absent from the fleet—refitting, damaged, defective and so on. In view of the great distance of the fleet base from the base for operations, these periods of absence would be considerably longer than normal.

In other words the whole British Fleet would be needed. With the Far East in turmoil, it is a certainty that Europe would be simultaneously disturbed, especially since the potentially hostile line-up of the Powers referred to already. Faced with this situation it is inconceivable that any British Government would allow the whole fleet to sail. Every pen in Whitehall and

Downing Street would be mobilized to draft its objections. After all, security, like charity, begins at home. The heart of the Empire could not be left unprotected. So either the fleet would not sail at all, or else some poor modern counterpart of Rozhdestvensky would be sent out with a force ill-equipped for its difficult task.

Even supposing the impossible happened and the whole fleet did sail, it could not bring sufficient pressure to bear on Japan to ensure that she would sue for peace. Neither Sea Power nor Air Power, acting alone can win a war. To do this a military force is required to occupy enemy territory, and compel submission

If the United States were prepared to throw their lot in with us, the situation would be different. Even then the task would be one of great difficulty, as the American navy has to cross another wide ocean with no base at the end of its voyage. But this eventuality cannot be regarded as probable. Popular feeling in America is opposed to anything of the kind. Europe is naturally anxious to compromise the United States, and the occasional word of hope uttered by some prominent American is magnified and misconstrued by the ecstatic European press. 'At last the United States are prepared to play their part in international affairs.' One of the best known American journalists in London recently described the President of the United States to me as " just a diplomatic tease "—an apt and delightful description of him when making one of his more promising announcements.

It is clear to-day that no reliance can be placed in active American support. There is a myth, cultivated in Socialist circles that, had the League's policy been bolder at the time of the Manchukuo crises, they would have found the United States at their side. There is not an atom of truth in this statement, and it would be most interesting to know how and when it was started : presumably by the Labour Government in trying to justify their work which led to the nadir of our foreign policy in 1935.

The League had no naval forces worth counting which would have been ready to act in the Far East except the British Navy. As has just been shown, the whole of this navy would have

been needed to do the job properly, and even then it would only have been a partial measure with limited powers of coercion. This made no difference to the pen and ink warriors, immersed in their impractical illusions.

And recently the Press was full of a design for a long-range embargo on Japan to be carried out from the discreet distance of Singapore, Pearl Harbour and the Aleutian Islands. A masterpiece of strategy! The first result of this long-range embargo would be a short-range mop-up by Japan of British and American interests in China, for which they would have been given every excuse.

It is difficult to be patient with those individuals who refuse to wake up and face realities and continue to mouth threats which they cannot perform, and to make diplomatic faces from a distance which would not stand the shock of a close-up. This behaviour only leads to humiliating positions.

To-day a revised outlook is required. Japan is engaged in advancing one stage further a long planned policy for the creation of a great Eastern Empire extending to meet the Western world in Asia. This is no new design. Dr. George Morrison, the famous pre-war *Times* correspondent in Peking foresaw accurately the trend of Japanese policy—to bring first Korea, then Manchuria and lastly China proper under her political control. This is an ambitious programme that may well prove the undoing of its devisers. There is no need to prophesy. Whether China is wise in pressing her resistance to-day is difficult to say without more knowledge than is available. I have an uncomfortable feeling that China may have been relying on the same false hopes and promises that led poor Haile Selassie to the conquest of Bath.

Any suggestion of deserting China will be distasteful to many League idealists, but it is far better to tell her honestly that she can expect no help than to continue the present policy of holding out false hopes which can lead nowhere. Diplomatic teasing is discreditable : threats are futile : bluffs useless. And this is all the League has been able to do in support of Article XVI of the Covenant.

In my opinion nothing will help more towards the resumption of peace in the Far East than a more friendly and understanding attitude towards Japan.

PERE DUCHESNE

By George Cooke

PÈRE DUCHESNE stopped ploughing for a moment and looked round. He was standing in a fold of the River Doubs, at a spot where the mountains came down to the river. His farm was one of about sixty acres. Forty acres was arable and pasture, lying on the flat lands close by the river; here he grew his corn, his potatoes, his green vegetables, his roots, and kept his four or five cows. Twenty acres lay on the steep slopes of the mountains; and here he cultivated his vines.

Yes, it was a fine situation with the broad waters of the Doubs swirling along, swollen by the rains from the Swiss Mountains, and the hills rising up all round, sharp and clear in their outlines as if God had broken them off from the unused material of some other planet and set them up here as a sign of his power. Père Duchesne gave a sigh of deep content. He was eighty-five years old, and for eighty years now he had paused in his work three or four times a day to wonder at the strange beauty of the landscape. What more could a man want, he thought to himself, than to live out his days in the sight of these towering mountains and finally, full of years and tired of life as a little child is tired of play at the close of a long summer evening, be laid peacefully to rest in the tiny churchyard, lulled to sleep by the rushing waters of the mighty stream?

He called to his horses and went on with the ploughing. It was not an easy piece of work. Last winter the Doubs had slightly shifted its course, and had left uncovered a small portion of muddy soil, about half an acre in extent. Whether this rightly belonged to him, he was not quite sure. But no one had said anything, and it was obviously absurd to trouble the authorities over such a small matter. In another two years

when he had got it broken in, Père Duchesne felt it would make a very useful addition to the field in which it lay.

Suddenly there was a jar. The plough had struck against something hard. He stopped his horses and bent down to see what had happened. Apparently there was an old chest of some kind, bound together by heavy bronze clasps, half buried in the soil. The woodwork was still strong and well preserved, but a crack had been made where the plough had struck it, and inside the old man could just see what looked like some dull stones. He tried to lift it up from the thick mud, but it was too firmly embedded in the ground. He went away to the side of the field where there was a spade, came back with it, and after ten minutes' hard work managed to raise the chest from the soil.

Père Duchesne wondered what it could be. Sometimes old things like this were dug up, and he knew that it might be valuable. He carried it to a piece of rock and tried to open it. But the fastenings were still firm, and finally he was compelled to smash the chest in with his spade.

It contained two objects, which he drew out. One was an old necklace; the other was some kind of dagger. The necklace was made up with what appeared to be dull stones; and the dagger was heavily ornamented with similar brown stones. The old man rubbed them with his sleeve, and they grew brighter until at last they began to glitter slightly in the bright spring sunshine. He laid them aside and gazed at them. Probably they were valuable, He might be able to get as much as a hundred thousand francs for them if he was lucky. Well, it would come in very useful. There was that new wine-press he had been wanting to get for many years; and then perhaps he might purchase a bull to go with his cows; and he could certainly do with one or two new gates to his fields.

Suddenly there was a shout from the other side of the field where the road ran along beside his farm. A car was standing there with two people inside it; a man and a woman, he thought. Père Duchesne rose, shook himself, and walked towards them, leaving the chest and its contents on the rock. As he came near he saw that it was a tall red-faced man and a woman dressed in fine clothes; they were seated in an expensive-looking car. The tall man got out of his motor and came up

to the low stone wall which bounded the field.

" Excuse me, can you tell me how we can get to Besançon ? " he asked.

He spoke with a foreign accent, and at first the old man did not understand him.

He repeated his question.

Père Duchesne told him that he must go straight on until he had crossed the river, and then he must take the first turn to the left ; this would lead him to the high road which went to Besançon. It was about thirty-five kilometres.

The tall man thanked him and went back to the car. He started up the engine, and they glided smoothly away. He was a wealthy young Englishman from Birmingham who had only been married for three days and was on a honeymoon trip to the South of France.

" Quaint old chap, ain't he, Nellie ? " he remarked to the girl at his side. " Wonder how he manages to stick it, shut away among these God-forsaken mountains, Looks as dull as one of his own cows, don't he ? "

" It wouldn't suit me, Charlie," replied his companion ; " I like to see a bit of life."

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Père Duchesne watched them move off with a slight feeling of disgust. What was the use of people like that ? Just like butterflies they were. No idea of the realities of life, or what existence could mean to a man. What did they know of the keen cold smell of the good earth just turned over by the plough, of the crisp winter's mornings when the stars were still shining in the sky as Père Duchesne went out to milk his cows, of the satisfied fatigue that a man felt after a hard day's work, when at last he slipped into his bed and went immediately to sleep with a contented sigh ? What could they understand of the mystic beauty of his mountains, always changing and yet always the same ? He shrugged his shoulders as he went back to his plough. He supposed they would be spending their time in a dreary round of motoring, dancing, golf and cards. Well, presumably it was all they were good for.

As he reached the plough he heard a cry from up the fields. Yes, as he had expected, it was his grand-daughter Annette.

She called out to him that the *déjeuner* would be ready in ten minutes, and ran off back to the house.

Annette was now the only descendant he had left to carry on the farm when he died. For five hundred years there had been a Duchesne at Territet Farm, but now there was only himself and this grand-daughter left. There had once been two sons of whom Père Duchesne was very proud : Jules and Michel. Fine tall men they had been. Jules, the elder, was expecting to get married in a month when the Great War broke out. He had died at Verdun. And Michel had been killed in the final assault of March, 1918, when the Germans had tried to smash their way through the English to the Channel Ports. The English line had been broken. Some French battalions had been hurried up to the rescue. And Michel, who was a sergeant in one of those battalions, had been blown to pieces by a German shell.

Père Duchesne could never understand why the English had been unable to defend their own portion of the line. No one in the village café could tell him either. But there, that was just like the English. Always expecting other people to do their fighting for them.

Well, that accounted for both the sons. And then the girls. Ninon had fallen into the fierce river one winter's day when it was in flood, and her dead body was only recovered forty-eight hours later. Thérèse had always been different from other women. She never took the interest in young men that a healthy young girl should do. In the end she had become a nun, and four years ago she had died of tuberculosis. Not that she would have been of any use to carry on the family even if she had lived.

And then Claudine! Ah, she had been the most beautiful girl for miles round. She had coal black hair, and deep black eyes with hidden depths in them that lured a man on till he felt the world fade away in the intoxication of her presence, her red red cheeks and lips. Yes, Claudine should have made a good match. But she had always been wayward, and one day they found she had run away with a Spaniard—a writer fellow who had been staying in the village and of whom Père Duchesne strongly disapproved.

The old man knew that no good would come of it, and he had

been perfectly right. Ten years later he had heard, from the French consul at Rosario in the Argentine, that Claudine had been found dying in a slum, deserted by her husband and leaving one small daughter behind her. Just before her death she had written a letter to her father, confessing that she had been mistaken, and asking him to bring up her little girl. This letter had been sent on by the consul, who had himself written to ask whether Père Duchesne would be willing to take charge of the child. He had, of course, replied that he was prepared to look after her, and a few months later she had arrived in the care of a stiff Spanish nun. She had been a cheerful little thing, five years old with the black hair and the deep black eyes of her mother. She had run at once into the arms of Père Duchesne, calling him grand-father and kissing him. The old man was devoted to her, and since his wife had died in the bitter cold winter three years before, she had kept house for him.

Yes, Annette was a good girl, though at times taking after her mother and looking for more life and gaiety than Territet Farm provided. Only the other day, for instance, she was asking if they could not have a radio set. Père Duchesne spat on the ground. A radio set! What was the use of that? A nasty, great blaring instrument that kept a woman from her work and filled her with wrong ideas.

But on the whole he had little to complain of in Annette. She cooked his meals as he liked them, and looked after the house excellently. And lately she had taken up with Henri Barbel from higher up the valley. Henri was a good lad and knew how to look after the land. He was one of a large family and had no prospects. Père Duchesne hoped he would marry Annette and settle down on the farm to help him with the work. He was still entirely capable of running the farm for himself, but last winter he had fancied once or twice that he had not been quite so energetic as he used to be. Those cold winter mornings had occasionally been something of a trial. In another ten years he would be ninety-five and perhaps the work would be too much for him. Yes, he would like to have a lad like Henri on the farm. And possibly Henri could take the name of Duchesne when he married. Who knew? Such things did happen. Ah, he would like to hold a great-grandchild—a

boy—on his knees before he was finally laid to rest in the little old churchyard by the rushing waters of the Doubs.

Père Duchesne put the necklace and the dagger back in the chest, before carrying them up to the house. What would Annette think of this new discovery of his? Probably she would be pleased enough at the idea of having a little money to spend. He wondered if she would ask him for that radio set again.

A sudden doubt crossed his mind. What if the dagger and the necklace were really valuable? It would be nice to have the money. But how would it affect Annette? She was a beautiful girl; she had her mother's hot blood in her. Would she want to leave the farm—Territet Farm that had been in the family for five hundred years—and go to live in Paris? Père Duchesne had never been to Paris; but he knew what it was like. All noise, great rivers of rushing cars, brilliant lights at night, dancing and drinking. The life of the great city might attract Annette as it had her mother, and she might be destroyed as the moth perishes in the candle.

He pondered deeply for a moment. No, it was not worth the risk. He took the necklace and the dagger and flung them out into the swirling waters of the Doubs. There was a slight splash and they sank below the surface.

Then he walked up to the house with the steady stride of a man who has done a good morning's work. Under his arm he carried the chest. He would not waste that. It could be broken up and used to light the fires.

ITALIAN HOUSEKEEPING: *A Study in Autarchy*

By K. Walter

"AUTARCHY," to most people, has seemed to be just one degree worse than economic nationalism—national self-sufficiency, a withdrawal from the commerce of nations, a kind of bloated and arrogant Sinn Fein. So, naturally, when Italy adopted it as the title of her economic policy, its evil character was confirmed beyond all questioning in the minds of those who, like a recent writer in The Fortnightly, believe in the "menace" of a "medieval and internationally anarchic totalitarian doctrine." Yet in these days of the new Babel, when the masses are moved by any word that can be made to carry the odium of some hated "ideology," it is still the duty of thoughtful persons to seek the meaning of such a word, the meaning of those who use it, and of the policy behind the word. Otherwise we might as well close our ears to the whole abominable totalitarian vocabulary and wrap our intelligence in guncotton.

If, by adopting autarchy, Italy intended to pursue to breaking-point a policy of economic self-sufficiency, to make herself completely independent of foreign raw materials and manufacturers, and then, having achieved that illusory objective, to set forth upon wars of conquest and pillage, discussion of the matter would be worth no more than a debate in a lunatic asylum. But if, under the name of autarchy, Italy has adopted a policy which Mussolini and his Government believe to be the best not only for Italy's internal and colonial development, but also for her friendly intercourse with the nations, it is important, whatever our prejudices, that we should open our ears and unwrap our intelligence. For autarchy implies, and in Italy is accepted as implying, orderly economic relations abroad based upon the known capacity of internal production, its surpluses and its deficits, in respect of an ascertainable internal demand.

The origins of the policy are neither doctrinal nor idealistic; they are rooted in Italy's short but valiant history of economic unity and lie in the experience of the War and its stormy aftermath. Italy ceased to be a merely protectionist State, and out of necessity began to plan her economic life, soon after Signor Mussolini became head of the Government. His influence made planning possible, dramatizing each phase of the national effort as an agent in itself, writing each achievement into the legislation of a new social code.

The first great step was in agriculture, making the country independent of foreign wheat supplies excepting a small proportion of hard wheat; and the social consequences of that achievement were just as important in their way as the political ones. Rice cultivation was increased with complete success. The campaign for maximum production in other fields was morally and materially intensified by the imposition of sanctions. The acquisition of colonial territory suitable for development on a scale that had been planned—and thwarted—for many years presented at last the opportunity for the preparation of a national and imperial economic policy in harmony with that of the corporative state and as thoroughgoing as that land reclamation policy, known as *bonifica integrale*, which has rehabilitated agriculture and is still conquering new territory at home. Hitherto Italy's prospect of national planning had been as restricted as that of Germany; to-day she can meet the problems of colonial produce without having to face the insuperable difficulties of Germany's foreign exchange situation. Abyssinian coffee, to name only one article, is already making it easier for Italy to pay for English coal.

The theoretical case against the combination of autarchy with colonial development is a strong one; the two seem to be self-contradictory. It goes directly against our own experience. In all our hundred years of imperial economic expansion we felt no need of controlling foreign trade to promote it, or of stimulating production to a maximum; and it was only recently, when imperial development was flagging, that we began to plan our internal welfare, taking a few random and crablike steps toward autarchy at Ottawa. Providence hitherto had planned for us in a way that she certainly has not planned for Italy. We

sent—as Italy is sending—both men and money to develop our territories; and if those men, or their sons and grandsons, are still working against time to repay the money, and if this task remains so formidable as to suggest the desirability of writing off those overseas debts, should not this be a warning to Italy? For Italy is in no financial position to sink hundreds of millions in this way; only our great profit-capital accretions of privileged industry enabled us to do so. It is difficult enough to believe that autarchy can be a road to international economic order and peace, but who is going to explain how, under its restrictions, a policy of colonial expansion can be undertaken by a country with limited capital resources, whose industrial capital has indeed already suffered a levy of ten per cent.?

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I know of no publication in English which answers these questions or gives a satisfactory exposition of the policy they arraign. Nor are Italian writers always most helpful when most authoritative; exhibitionism too often obscures what they have to exhibit, as in the case of the political writer whose reputation at home is maintained by quotations in the English press. A recent work on the subject, however, is illuminating, and as it is published by an official body, the National Institute of Fascist Culture, its orthodoxy is unassailable. The author, Odon Por, is known to English readers for his book, *Fascism*, a brilliant and far-sighted (indeed, almost clairvoyant) criticism of the movement written in the most turbulent days of its rise to power, a *tour de force* of political authorship. And this quality of vision is still evident in his otherwise weighty publication, *Raw Materials and Autarchy*. I shall not attempt to describe the mass of figures he gives from original documents, relating to the production and consumption of the nations; nor is that the section which has attracted most attention in Italy. In effect it tells with great point what we know in general only too well already, the chaotic distribution of raw materials and the obstacles which stand between the would-be vendor and purchaser. In this he goes a long way with those who have given most thought to the subject in England, and he examines their opinions with some care, beginning with Sir Samuel Hoare's historic statement at Geneva. He parts company with them

decidedly, however, on prognosis, foreseeing only further confusion and ultimate conflict if the economic ills of the world are allowed to run their course with no other treatment than the homœopathic liberalism they prescribe. But his diagnosis also differs from theirs; he finds many of the symptoms not malign but indications of a new and necessary growth of nerves and tissues in the world organism. In the complex of clearings and controls, tariffs and quotas, he considers, it should be our business to disentangle the functional elements of a new order. To abolish all the new instruments of economic relations, to revive (if it were possible—or to revive sectionally)—the old haphazard system, would only be to return to the conditions which give rise to those symptoms, many of them obviously malign. The alternative is to take advantage of the experience through which we are passing, put our own houses in order, and so be prepared to come together with a clear knowledge of what we have to offer on the world market, what we require from it, and with national machinery suitable for orderly marketing. In this way, not flinching at the growing pains of a new world organism, we can build, and Italy is deliberately building, a system of autarchy that will lead to inter-autarchy, to international economic satisfaction and peace.

In a country where peace does not often get into the headlines, it is significant that this international theme of Signor Por's work has been taken up by his reviewers with as much interest as that of the domestic need of autarchy. His interpretation of the policy has been accepted by his fellow-economists, and I shall keep within the sense of it in what follows.

In the first place, then, Italian autarchy is not, and is not intended to be, a closed system, an illusory self-sufficiency, but a maximum production of a people's requirements by the people themselves. Substitutes are being tried out and subsidized, much as we subsidize the substitution of beet sugar. Certain sacrifices are being made during the adjustment of home production to meet domestic demand as fully as possible; in effect they amount to little more than would be a systematized campaign to persuade the public to "buy British." Similarly the primary appeal of the policy is based upon the same argument advanced for the intensification of our own agriculture, the

provident need of a country to develop its own resources in an unquiet political world; and in this connection we should remember that Italy suffered very much more than we did from lack of foodstuffs during the War. The second appeal is one that we have not heard so much of in England and find more difficult to take at its face value because we do not so readily credit the Fascist régime with collective economic idealism. The appeal is to the self-supporting individual in a self-supporting community for the purpose of raising the standard of living, moral and material, of the whole community. The rising standard of living can only be maintained if production increases; the rising moral standard can only be maintained by a clear understanding of the country's position in the economic world and a national consciousness of that satisfaction which we all feel when we have done a good day's work.

Both these propositions are somewhat foreign to us. We cannot regard our national production and consumption in such a simple way as this; other things come first in our reckoning; our economic satisfaction does not depend upon meeting demand but upon showing profits large enough for the creation of fresh capital to increase production. Our people cannot feel any enthusiasm about the increase of national wealth which they can observe only in the growth of those personal and corporate fortunes to which we mainly confide the creation of fresh capital. But Italy has travelled a long way from this standpoint. Putting it broadly, in a single sentence, I should say that Italy has travelled so far from the liberal capitalist system that she is at present passing safely between the red star of Marx and the green star of Douglas, and closer to the green than the red—although the recent capital levy is not unnaturally seen by some of its victims in the light of the latter. Italy has abandoned the profit-capital system; her future development, domestic and colonial, is not dependent upon the measure of individual profits. The old power of credit is already vested in national control; not however as a preliminary to the nationalization of capital, but as a transition from individualist to corporative finance. Financially this change has some important corollaries to be noted presently; politically it gives reality to the theory which we have noted as being too simple for us—production for

the community—and to many sayings of Mussolini which make autarchy popular. One must also bear in mind another social fact of great importance in this connection, namely, the increasingly influential part which the workers' syndicates are taking in the economic and political life of the nation. It is a mistake to dismiss Signor Mussolini's references to this social change as mere empty bids for popular favour. The people, the workers, are abundantly assured against autarchy becoming merely an intensive system for the exploitation of their labour.

At this point we may well ask ourselves whether autarchy, economic nationalism, indeed any planned economy, is possible in a system which is subject to the disturbing influences of individual profiteering and speculation? Is even orderly marketing possible in such conditions? For those who can recall it, the history of the Canadian Wheat Pool is a tragic answer to that question and a dark shadow upon the preceding ones. The problem of wheat marketing in Italy was admittedly very different from that of Canada, but it is nevertheless significant that when it reached the crucial point, while in Canada there was a reversion to speculation, in Italy the experience of the co-operative pools was supported as against the speculator, extended by a favourable provision of credit, and finally written into the law of the land. And now, in the corporative system, the matter does not end with marketing but brings the purchasers, the millers, the bakers and the retailers, into a producer-to-consumer chain in which every price-link is known and tested. The manner of dealing with other industries is different, more complicated, according to the circumstances; but the aim and end are the same: the elimination of profiteering and speculation in the interest of the producers and consumers, in the interest of the community.

In our instinctive dislike of autarchy, or economic nationalism, if the milder term is less unpalatable, we must be careful to ascertain how much we are influenced by this "socialistic" aspect of it and how much by the fact that it would be difficult to make the policy acceptable to the workers until we have reached a much more advanced point in the integration of our productive forces. There is no reason to despair of such integration, or to suppose that only totalitarian States are

capable of canalizing the conflict of class interests. As planning becomes more imperative, for instance, in agriculture, our minds turn in that direction. "Landowners and farmers now have flourishing organizations," wrote the *Times* Agricultural Correspondent in the British Agriculture Number last January, "and some success has been achieved in the efforts to organize farm workers. It will be a happy day for the industry when the three partners can speak with one voice through their organizations." Possibly we shall devise an orderly system of our own, no less efficient and socially satisfying than the syndicalist-corporative structure of Italy.

Meanwhile, whether we like it or not, we cannot be indifferent to the influence which the policy and extension of autarchy must have upon world trade, since the co-ordination of the corporative system does not end at the frontier. With her marketable surplus calculable and her foreign requirements known, Italy's foreign trade negotiations are much simplified, her operations reduced to a minimum of expense and speculative risk. We have already had evidence of her increased efficiency and punctuality in our dealings with her in the joint clearing control. Her foreign trading will become more and more systematized as the corporations come into full knowledge of their respective spheres of industry and commerce. Her population of 45 millions, satisfied at present with a more simple but not less happy and healthy standard than our own, will become an expanding market also for those goods with which they cannot supply themselves. Her trade will naturally gravitate, when choice offers, toward countries with a similar facility for clear and definitive commercial practice. If she links up more easily with one country than with another, it will not be because of any "ideological" affinities. Signor Por's work and comments on it have shown that there would be no sympathy for any such diversion of policy, provided of course that the democratic countries do not take fright at a word and make a bogey of autarchy. The policy is based upon self-interest of a strictly realistic kind, a self-interest which requires beyond the frontiers a wide and orderly world market in which to balance internal supply and demand.

Italian autarchy, finally, is not designed for war, although

held to be necessary for defence. If we could imagine a world in which war had ceased to be a possibility, autarchy would still be the natural policy for Italy to adopt—for the completion and guidance of her new economic system, for the attainment of the social aims which are written large in her new laws regarding that system, for orderly trade relations with other countries. Nor, let us add at once, was it designed for peace. Its inventors —if a policy of such organic growth can be said to have inventors —did not sit down to think out an economic plan with peace as the objective. That is not the realistic way of achieving peace. Italy has formally abandoned the theory, never more seriously maintained by her than by the United States, that peace can be established by a political device, or indeed as the direct and immediate motive of international action. The concept may be difficult for us, inclined as we are to think of peace as the foundation of justice and civilization. But, for Italy, peace is not the foundation, but the crowning quality, of justice and civilization, which must first be secured in the world before peace can ensue.

D'ANNUNZIO'S ITALY AND ENGLAND

By C. J. S. Sprigge

QUEEN Victoria was distressed and indignant over the bustling of legitimate dynasties out of their capitals in Naples and Tuscany, but England at large saw in the unification of Italy under the Savoys a prospect of new markets (for Cavour was a stout free trader), and a smack at the Pope, a triumph for gallant Garibaldi against the Austrian secret police, and a healthy check on French Mediterranean expansionism. English gentlemen nourished on the classics, and English ladies with their hearts in pre-Raphaelitism were sentimentally favourable to the Italian patriots, and became increasingly the mainstay of the Italian hotel industry. From that time onwards, for three quarters of a century, until a couple of summers ago, Anglo-Italian friendship was, in ministerial jargon " traditional."

The Italian hotel keepers and the waiters, cabbies, porters, guides, souvenir-vendors of a hundred towns found the English the most open-handed of foreigners. And Italians of higher station were charmingly flattering. Industrialists and shopkeepers were proud to call Prato, bosomed in the vineyards of Tuscany, " the Italian Manchester" (on account of one or two chimney stacks) : Roman princes cultivated fox-hunting according to the English rite, others admired English Free Trade, English Trade Unions, English general elections, for which the troops were not called out, and the British Empire, in which fair-haired, pipe-smoking giants made savage hordes quail with a quiet glance.

The rulers of Italy from 1860 onwards admired England all the more because unlike France, which had tyrannized in Italy early in the century, and unlike Germany, England showed no ambition to be taken as a model. The French radicals and socialists circulated their literature in Italy and expected all Italians to be able to read it—but who ever heard of a French

deputy reading an Italian newspaper?—posing as spokesmen of a more advanced society. The Germans established big financial interests in Milan, and drew Italy into the system of German markets. The English merely came to Italy to spend money, and as long as guides and porters knew a few English phrases, they preferred the nation at large to remain picturesquely foreign.

The literary forerunners and promoters of Italian unity had left warm words about England which even the man of small reading would have come across, or heard of from his parents. Vittorio Alfieri, in whose lyrical tragedies generations of Italians found their catchwords against tyrants had given late eighteenth-century England a superb testimonial in his memoirs—land of enterprising philanthropists, fair ladies, and incomparable horses. Foscolo, in the most famous short poem in the language, *I Sepolcri*, finds room for Newton and Nelson, but for no other non-Italian, among the modern rivals of the great men of antiquity. Foscolo, too, lived long years of exile (and died) in England: like Alfieri he complained of little here but that wealth was too highly esteemed; a defect which had its advantages in the behaviour of British tourists. Mazzini made England his second home, Cavour came little, but as an admiring student of British railways and ports, Garibaldi, despite Queen Victoria, got a national hero's greeting from duchesses and street arabs.

The generation of Italians now in the fifties and sixties of their lives inherited such "traditional" feelings about England from their fathers who had desired, or even explicitly demanded, an Italy more like parliamentary free-trading pushful Britain, quit of Papal paternalism, superstition, feudal privilege, more inclined to work to get rich than to sing and make love in picturesque rags and hovels. And the English accepted this Italian will to imitate as a form of flattery not the less sincere because it looked like being quite hopeless.

Not only the English, but the Italians also, in bad moments, felt that the imitation of England by Italy was hopeless, and never more so than in the eighties and nineties, when united Germany was so unmistakeably entering into a serious rivalry with England. "What a difference between the two newly

born united nations!" writes Croce, recollecting that period in his "History of Italy, 1871—1915."

> "What a pigmy was Italy at the side of the giant. Many began distressfully to suspect and others felt only too painfully sure, that the Italians were a people that had played its historic part centuries before . . . . . Perhaps only the Germanic people (and France was partly Germanic) could be truly free, having shaken off the yoke of Rome and accomplished the Reformation. Perhaps people of Latin race must abide in spiritual subjection to the Roman church and in politics experience a painful alternation of tyrannic order and demagogic disorder . . . . . Italy was perhaps a museum, in which visitors were interested in the exhibits, not in their guardians."

This sense of Italian failure to emulate England is recorded quite bluntly by the *Times* correspondent in Rome, of the period, W. J. Stillman. In the concluding sentences of "The Union of Italy" (Cambridge, 1898) he writes: "The Italy to which Cavour aspired was an enlarged Piedmont, and so far as the differences of nature permitted, he desired to make it a new England. But the migrations of the Government and the weakness of its governors have made it rather an enlarged Naples." In perfect confidence that an enlarged Naples must represent the depth, just as a new England would represent the height, of the possible evolution of Italy, Dr. Stillman concluded his book with a broad hint that United Italy might not last long.

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At the moment when "a new England" was proving, to Italians of discernment, so vain a dream, there arrived in Rome from Pescara, the Abruzzi fishing-port, Gabriele d'Annunzio, born four years too late to have been a subject of the King of Naples. Soon after d'Annunzio, in a neighbouring Abruzzi valley, was born a child of more distinguished and wealthy stock, Benedetto Croce. These two Southerners were to give their names to striking manifestations of vitality and power in the "Latin" race. Croce was to claim for the movement he initiated that (in his own words) "it restored to Italy after two centuries, an active part in European thought, and even, in certain studies, a sort of primacy"; d'Annunzio was to inspire Italians in verse and prose, and by personal example, to exorcise the sense of inferiority by loudly asserting superiority. Throughout his life d'Annunzio sought and gained applause for the thoroughly Italic accomplishments of rich songfulness, nimble

alacrity in striking attitudes, eloquence in monologue, deaf ear for criticism, bravery proportioned to the enthusiasm of spectators and audiences.

By very reason of his tireless changefulness—he was self-declared sensualist, ascetic, heathen, Christian, Conservative, Socialist, anti-militarist, arch-militarist in his time—d' Annunzio presents for the English observer a consistent character of agility, at which the Englishman must humbly marvel. At an age when English boys were still being birched by their head-master, d'Annunzio entered into Italian life a ready made celebrity; a well-known critic had publicly proclaimed his schoolboy verses to be works of genius: Thereupon he was rumoured to be dead, the literary journalists deplored the loss, and d'Annunzio himself arrived in Rome to reassure and console them. The salons of princesses were thrown open to him, he married a high-born lady and was a father at twenty. Marriage was a starting-point rather than a refuge from passionate adventures. He made his way with hot, pitiless tales of the Abruzzese peasantry and fisherfolk, and with warm, caressing lyrics of the summer nights of Rome. For the Italy that was striving to be a new England, and failing in the colonial as in the economic field, he little cared. Not that he failed to draw English influence into his art and into the model of manhood shown there; but the England he learned to know—an England no doubt well represented in Roman drawing-rooms of the time—was the England that had reacted against what Cavour admired, railways, factories, and a virtuous solvency—it was pre-Raphaelite, æsthetic England.

But, really, d'Annunzio may have said to himself, should Italians learn from English lips that Mona Lisa's smile is more precious than the Rand Mines: that in a world of villains a church-building Malatesta deserves better than a chapel-going labour sweater?

If success in life, as the English Walter Pater says, comes in the multiplicity and subtlety of responses to colour and form, that is a field in which the Italian can hunt success on his own account, and not measure his prowess against that of any alien. Italians created the world of fair forms into which English and German æsthetes painfully climb; the Italian will walk in it and

be at home ; and what he has created he will recreate.

Englishmen and Germans of the nineteenth century cultivated the Italian Renaissance as a heritage of unrivalled, perhaps never more to be rivalled, artistic achievement, which under the stimulus of rediscovered antiquity the Italians had brought forth, leaving then the other nations, the French, English, Dutch and Germans to develop the more serious, still growing germs of science and social organization. But an Italian would challenge the claim of other nations to have brought to a still unexhausted maturity the substantial fruits, leaving Italy only the honour of the flower. Italy would claim to be the mistress also of sciences, of technical accomplishment, of the means of power. From an æstheticism worthy of any minor Oscar Wilde—witness the sailing trip with Adolfo de Bosis in a yacht laden with Turkish and Persian carpets, an inlaid table from which to sip coffee, and a blue and white banner in the bows—d'Annunzio emerged to glorify the submarine and the aeroplane, weapons of pride and of prey. The pious moderation of Victorian England he despised and ridiculed.

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D'Annunzio's was not the first to challenge the English model. If in 1860 Cavour desired to create, in the Italian peninsula, a new England, with Turin for Manchester, and Savoys for Hanoverians, other Italian patriots accused him of selling the national soul for a dynastic triumph. Vincenzo Gioberti, author of the " Primacy of Italy " envisaged an Italy federally organized under presidency of the Pope, a nucleus for a wider federation of Christian countries around Rome. Gioberti revised his demands after 1849, and died before 1860, but he had turned the desires of thousands (in a country where readers were not counted in millions) towards an Italy that would not be a new England. Nor did Mazzini set any store by limited liability companies, railway development, or a Constitution of checks and balances. Garibaldi, so far as he had any aims beyond the next adventure, was of Mazzini's mind. Thus when Cavour died, the unification of Italy ensured but uncompleted, his English-minded successors appeared to many ardent patriots as half-way house men, destined to yield when the resolute could again take breath. But romantic enthusiasts, Catholic or humanitarian, offered no serious

plan for replacing the constitutional Parliamentary State. Cavour's friends, gentry of Piedmont, Tuscany and also of Naples, grew old; a party calling itself "the left" took office, with no great change except some financial disorder; a subtle bureaucrat, Agostino Depretis, drew the leaders of both parties into a coalition. The country jogged on, poor, disaffected, above all bored.

But in the year of Queen Victoria's first jubilee—the year also, perhaps, of d'Annunzio's highest fame as the sovereign of a private æsthetic world—Depretis died, and the man who now seized firmly on the power derived from a nerveless assembly was Francesco Crispi, an old Mazzinian. By turns Republican and Monarchist, aristocrat and democrat, enemy and ally of the Vatican, Crispi had never acquiesced in an Italy of minor dimensions and submissive, imitative disposition. In his few years of power he threw out challenges to France, strove to strengthen Italy by an understanding with the Vatican, and failed to conquer Abyssinia. He had a short way with the press and with any political group that withstood him, instituting Special Tribunals in Sicily, dissolving Socialist associations, and making use of "compulsory domicile" orders to keep malcontents away from the great centres. Crispi roused his adversaries to fanatical hatred, was denounced as a crypto-bigamist, fraudulent financier, and (when one of his chief opponents was killed in duel) assassin at one remove. His enemies hounded him out of office after the disaster of Adowa in March, 1896.

From the confusion, riots, state of siege of the turn of the century Italy emerged after the assassination of King Humbert (1900) with a Government under Giuseppe Zanardelli (1901—1903) zealous for economic and social welfare and for the betterment of the Italians in accordance with the doctrines of the sociologists then held in great veneration. To the raillery of the Church against "science" and to the grandiloquent laments of The Crispine imperialists, Zanardelli opposed a display of energetic practical benevolence, starting with a personal tour of distressed areas. The organizers of the working-class movement were with this man of peace and goodwill. And when Giolitti, a second Depretis, student of men's weaknesses and foibles, and of the chinks in their armour, followed upon

Zanardelli, and retained the effective power until the world war, he organized Socialists, and all who were benefiting from a apid material progress achieved in these years, were with him oo.

But against this Government of practical, moderate (it must lso be added astute and readily compromising) Progressives, young men in various quarters rose intolerantly. This was not he Italy they wanted. The Catholics were stirring, reproachfully, prodding the Vatican into some sort of a crusade in favour f a less crudely material Paradise than that of the Parliamentary rogressives. Echoing Gioberti, Don Romolo Murri, a brilliant riest, preached a prophetic racial mysticism. He left the Church, and for a time entered active politics. Antonio Fogazzaro had a vast circle of readers for the novels in which he hero opted for a Catholicism tempered by psychical research, fter inclining towards a revolutionary socialism, but pausing nly for a contemptuous moment to consider the middle way of emocracy and rationalism. Giovanni Papini inveighed against cult of human betterment that seemed to have as its chief im the deferment of death. Modern life is intense, he cried, and eeds a toll of death. Italy must be ready to risk a loss of life. Enrico Corradini stumped the cities of Italy with lectures on the eed for a spice of audacity, a risk assumed in the cause of ational grandeur, to make the life of forty million Italians worth ving at all.

Among the Socialists, too, those inheriting Mazzinian traditions ingled now with the alien doctrines of Bakunin and Sorel, belled against the leaders who had quietly made the trade nions part of a smoothly running monarchico-constitutional New England." They too wanted colour and sensation, even at ne cost of blood and flame. Before long Giolitti achieved his asterpiece in compromise: to the heated and cheated sensaonalists he gave a Colonial War in which some could partici: ate as heroic soldiers, others as heroic revolutionaries derailing ains and inducing the soldiers to break their ranks.

D'Annunzio had entered Parliament half a generation before is Libyan war, just after the fall of Crispi. Starting as a high onservative, he worked round quickly to Socialism and then, ored with politics, retired to a hunting-lodge in Tuscany. But

already, some years since, he had found occasion to invest with the complex scintillation of his art the warships of Italy—ships on which a renewed Italian genius in construction and engineering conferred even some international dignity. With the Libyan war d'Annunzio stepped forward as the bard of Italian ambitious to dominate the Mediterranean as *Mare Nostrum*; and with the Great War he showed, to the confusion of his detractors, that he was ready himself to fight gallantly by sea and air, in his fifty-fifth year. Then, with his raid on Fiume, he struck from within the first serious and organized blow at the Constitutional Italy fashioned in the image of England. The writer remembers hearing his disciple Marinetti proclaim at a public meeting in Rome some such words as these "There is no King left in Italy except d'Annunzio, no God except d'Annunzio."

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In the obituary notices of the Italian Press it is made plain that d'Annunzio was the national bard of pre-Fascist, not of Fascist Italy. In fact he may be regarded as the Tyrtaeus of all those who whether from "the Right" or from "the Left" (he was now with one, now with the other almost to the last) set out to smash up the Italy that was striving to become a new, but minor England. (And here the writer must acknowledge that a modelling after the image of France was also the purpose of some Italian strivings, calling forth in their turn a current of anti-French reaction, now mingling, now quite divergent from the reaction against the imitation of England).

The urge towards a more Italian, a truly Italian Italy has been overwhelming; it has triumphed in its crudest form. Rare Italians—not now in power or favour—have been able to espouse a vigorous, independent patriotism, and yet to feel a greater patriotism towards a Europe in which the English, the Italian and other national modes of thought must be integrated, or cease to flourish. We must try to understand that the future Italy which will never again be mistakeable for "a new England."

GREY SQUIRREL

By Phyllis Kelway.

SOMEWHERE, somehow, the grey squirrel has received a liberal education; he is a stout fellow, well equipped to stand up to the Order made against him under the Destructive Imported Animals Act, 1932. His life in future will be more adventurous than of old; he will need to have all his wits about him. As an outlaw he will be more rudely chastised in one part of the country than in another, but, however swiftly the campaign moves (and already thousands of his kind have been brought to book), his end will not be immediate. For this, many of his friends (but not farmers) will be glad; it would be hard luck for any creature to be wiped out without any run for his money, just because a few people in Westminster had discussed him to his disadvantage. Yet apparently the grey American had no case to offer, for he left his case undefended, and put in no appearance when his number was called. I doubt if he ever had an adequate excuse for his behaviour. After all is said and done, he cannot deny that he has a sweet tooth for most fruits; that he enjoys the inner bark of young trees; green, living shoots and buds; ripe seeds and corn. He will eat eggs too, and in doing so has ranged against him those who might otherwise be his friends—the nature lovers and biologists. A friend tells me that on his own land grey squirrels have practically exterminated or driven away such birds as blackcaps and whitethroats. Similar records, valuable when they are authentic, come from various parts of the country. It seems to me, that if I were a Lesser Whitethroat, for instance, sitting upon my loosely woven hammock slung low to ground beneath the bramble stems, and I suddenly saw that rat-like, keen-eyed face at eye level, I should bolt for the sake of my own skin without thought even for my eggs. . . . What with stoats and weasels and cats and

land-rats, our warblers have quite sufficient to strive against without voracious tree-rats into the bargain. The whitethroats may dance in impotent rage and churr their mightiest, but no brave scorn of theirs will stop that grey burglar from forcing an entry. Apart from the actual theft of eggs and young, the psychological effect of the grey squirrel's presence among small birds is undoubtedly bad. No creature can live contentedly where he is afraid.

"A robin redbreast in a cage sets all Heaven in a rage." Well, I have kept both red and grey squirrels in captivity—not in cages exactly, if a cage consists as my pocket dictionary says, of a "box to confine birds"—but certainly in buildings where they did not enjoy their full liberty. My last pairs of red and grey were reared from babies, but I made no attempt to tame them. Their friendliness arose solely from their innate good nature; I left them to please themselves, and if their pleasure lay in making swallow dives into my pockets and searching for way-ward nuts behind my ears, then mine the glory.

I have no word to say in favour of the grey except that he is lovable. His rough, boisterous mannerisms have their appeal for anyone who admires the sight of swift, clean leaps, free from bungling, and bright, undaunted eyes, free from fear. People like him for the confiding lift of his head, his friendly way of eating from the hand, and his nimble erratic jumps over the ground to the nearest tree-trunk; they cannot help pausing to "stand and stare" when he crosses their path, and afterwards they remember the flashing glance of his wide dark eye, and the lofty promotion of his white-tipped tail. Sometimes he lollops over the grass like an easy-minded grey kangaroo; sometimes he creeps forward, belly to ground and tail dropped low, curious and eager, like a peering land-rat. He cannot resist poking at things; he must know exactly what is above and below: but the trouble did not arise over his methods of research, but over his appetite. In the neighbourhood of gardens he raids the fruit beds; he tugs the strings of black currants to see if they are good to eat, and when they come away in his hand, he drops them on the floor as though deliberately to exasperate the gardener. Few fruits are amiss to him; he is terrifyingly omnivorous. In private woodlands, although he does not

necessarily confine himself to private property, he rings young sycamore trees, beech, and guelder roses. He strips what the forestry people call " leaders " of trees of great variety, having a preference for hardwoods.

This selection of hardwoods is important; people have attacked the Forestry Commissioners for taking no action against the grey squirrel, and in reply the Commissioners have retorted that the grey is found in only a few forests, where he is killed in the course of ordinary routine. They state that they are certainly concerned with the status of the grey as a forest pest but that in their opinion he is less important than half a dozen other wild animals. In this half dozen they include the red squirrel, who has caused them sleepless nights on account of the damage he does in pine woods. Doubtless, the shoulders of the Forestry Commissioners are broad and they can stand a good deal. Private owners feel mad when countless greys appear able to take refuge on the Forestry Commission areas; but the fact remains that the grey is not a lover of conifers, and the woods of the Forestry Commissioners consist chiefly of conifers and not hardwoods. With the Prohibition of Importation and Keeping Order, 1937, in force the Forestry Commissioners may have more trouble with the grey squirrel; up to this year he has preferred the more residential districts as breeding grounds, but when the residents turn against him and call him an outlaw, he must perforce prove his adaptability once more and throw himself upon the mercy of the Forest people. He will receive no mercy, poor devil, but that he must learn.

In agricultural districts the grey squirrel joins with the house-sparrow to shell the ripe ears of corn, but he comes into the field earlier in the day than the sparrow and is as fond of the sweet, milky green ears as he is of the golden grain. Some farmers offer a shilling a head for dead grey squirrels, and in that case you may be sure the greys upon his land number no more than a dozen; but others offer twopence, threepence, or sixpence, according to the size of the squirrel army.

The grey squirrel is like many birds; he enjoys being near human beings. He could, if he chose, migrate to the vast unpopulated area of the New Forest; instead, he prefers to

live within sound of the Centre of Bournemouth. Once I had a grey squirrel in a wired-in yard in the garden; he lived with his wife, and every morning we had a conversation about the hardness of nuts and the ripeness of bananas before I went to the office. I went for a holiday of three weeks, leaving a carefully planned menu pinned upon their door. When I returned I found them both thin and limp. They would eat nothing. Their food was untouched. I changed their diet, buying expensive titbits they had not seen before, but they lay in the sun, closing their eyes. Someone said: "They have been lonely without you, I think. No one has played with them."

I gave them forty-eight hours in which to die. They would not eat even peanuts. A grey squirrel who can look a peanut in the face without desire for it is already dead and buried. . . . But I put on my tweed coat again, because they had always liked tweed better than silk, and talked with them. At first they were disinterested; they had scarcely the politeness to raise their heads. I spanked one of them on his off-side; he took my hand lightly in his teeth and glanced up with a "how *could* you?" look in his eyes. So I spanked them both, and stood beside them in my tweed coat; then I pulled their tails. All squirrels hate having their tails touched. At last one of them took my hand in both his hands, pressing his nails hard in, and held one finger between his yellowed teeth. He appeared less bored; he sat on his haunches, looking pensive. We poked together in the dry leaves in search of a non-existent nut; he was angry when we could not find it, and remembering deep pockets, he jumped stiffly upon my back. That was the beginning and not the end, after all. We talked and gibbered together; we discussed the probabilities of another John Buchan's hot spell; we argued upon the correct curve of an S tail. For many days they pecked at their food, eating nothing unless coaxed, but we had turned the corner.

All squirrels have a playful side to their nature; they love to romp, be their playmate fellow squirrel or a mere human. Red squirrels are not as trusting because they are not as bold as the greys. The grey will pester you with sharp nips and clutching nails when he has not exactly what he wants, but the red is too shy to make a nuisance of himself. Both my red and grey

squirrels would fall into furious abuse when things had gone wrong with them, fuming and bubbling inside like kettles on the boil. They had both a quaint swaggering manner, but there was always something more elfin-like about the red; the red would look like a storm-tossed auburn beech leaf flapping on a bough, while the grey only succeeded in looking like an incensed stock-broker in bowler hat, whose waistcoat buttons might burst through excess of temper. Squirrels can be very outspoken; they make no attempt to hide their feelings; and if you do not know them well, you wonder how much is blustering wrath and how much the prelude to physical attack. There is none of that dumb animal appeal in squirrels; none of that cow-like stare of chewing-the-cud, or spaniel-like patience of waiting-for-master. They are gay, flighty creatures, sure of life, but in awe of it, triumphant yet polished. The polish is on the red rather than on the grey; maybe this is as well, for if the red had to suffer half the worries and afflictions of the grey, he would succumb in a month. The grey is intelligent and quick to suspect when his skin is in danger, but I am afraid he will take long to learn that an Order has been made against him.

He visited this country by invitation; he will not understand in a minute why or how his invitation has expired. To eat—there's the rub—to eat with a healthy appetite. To be a Rodent and therefore a gnawing mammal; to destroy in eating and gnawing what Man wants for himself; these are his sins. Any one of us, had creation been different, might so easily have blundered into an Order of the same denomination and thus been outlawed. . . .

The grey squirrel has the misfortune to be considerably larger than the red. The red appears bigger than he is when seen leaping from branch to branch, but actually he only measures about sixteen inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, exclusive of the hairs at the tail's tip; and his weight is usually less than a pound. Both red and grey vary in length, but I have kept a male grey who measured one-third more than a female red. Bulky people need not necessarily have larger appetites than thin individuals, but the grey squirrel has an appetite that is approximately twice as big as that of the red.

I have tested this carefully over the period of a year with two greys in one house and two reds in another. In winter the reds retired to bed for two or three days at a time in cold weather, and therefore ate nothing; but the greys, with the exception of several days over a bad snowfall, ate as heartily from October until March as they did in spring and summer. In hot weather, say in July, the reds doubled their daily ration, while the greys ate about the same. The reds will scrutinize with loathing half the meals which are gobbled down with alacrity by the greys.

When I was away from home once, someone gave my reds semolina pudding, an item that was not on the menu. They turned up their noses, and were unsporting enough to spill a few blobs of the stuff upon the floor, for when I returned, the dainty red female flung herself upon my shoulder, saying, "look! he gave us semolina pudding!" On inquiry I discovered worse: they had received chocolates. Now, both red and grey squirrels had been eating a carefully arranged diet, one that I considered well balanced, as the dry mash of poultry might be, and I was somewhat wrath. The greys had stomachs of iron, but the reds had always to be regardful of their meals lest they should shake the stability of their inside arrangements. Whatever food I gave the reds seemed to make no difference to their size. They agreed to grow up from babyhood, but after they were nine months old, they refused to add another millimetre. After a month of wholesome food you may find their bust measurements the same, their hip measurements the same, their waist measurements the same. You may feed them on milk daily, buttered toast, porridge, corn, and honey covered with cream, all of which they will devour to the last crumb; they will lick the platter clean with their elegant pink tongues, but they will increase neither their girth nor stature. The greys seem able to wax fat on an apple a day. Yet every squirrel, even the grey, seems to be of the lean kind. They do not fatten like pigs or sheep; their nervous energy keeps them too busy; I have yet to meet the pig who exhausts his surplus fat on nervous energy. The result of this red and grey food question appears to be that the grey's capital is good, while the frail, fine-boned frame of the

red trembles on the verge of insolvency. In an illness the grey would survive, whereas the red might succumb. After prolonged damp weather our indigenous red squirrel is sometimes wiped out from a wood; he catches cold quickly and suffers from lung troubles. From my own experience the grey has fewer disorders than the red, and with less to contend with would always stand a better chance of survival. The experience of others may be different, but I think we should be wary of blaming the grey for the absence of the red from woods where the red should supposedly be; for the disappearance of the red is frequently due to self-banishment, or rather, to the fate that has made him a refined little red gentleman instead of a lusty grey bounder.

Is it fit to trust any wild creature, if we ourselves are capitalists? The fox steals our hens. The mice nibble our wheat; the hawks swoop upon the mice, but the hawks take also our pheasants. The rats devour everything that is ours; the owls pounce upon the rats but the owls—what have they taken too? One man's meat is another man's poison. Squirrels gnaw at our woods; if we value a thousandth part of the woods more than the squirrels, the squirrels must go. We cast forth that which is out of the scale of our reckoning, and that which has weighed down the balance upon the wrong side. The grey squirrel travelled from America years ago, an innocent and important young fellow. He could not suspect the peck of trouble lying in store for him; he could not know that in due course he must be the subject of an inquiry. Dealing with him now, we speak harshly of him, calling him rascal, villain, thief. The Order, from our point of view as capitalists, is right, whether we own a dozen black currant bushes or a thousand acres of beech wood; but do you demand that he should slink away with his tail between his legs? I do not think it matters what you wish; the grey squirrel will sink with his flag flying. He has not changed from the hungry creature of America, the pest who in that country, too, had a price on his head; he has not changed from the voracious, eager-eyed animal let loose in Regent's Park when folk named him "sweet," "charming," "delightful to watch," "a friend of the children." He has not altered. Still, strangely, he has four legs and a tail, two round ears and whiskers, a know-

ing intelligent face, a snow-white chest, and long-fingered hands, clothed in grey gloves.

How we forget!

I hold no brief for the grey squirrel, and if I did, it could make no difference now. He has broken our laws; he must die, but what fun he has given us—in our parks, in our gardens. He has descended from his tree-tops to eat from our hands. Never mind the reason why: friendliness in a wild creature is a touching, charming gift too rare to be ignored. We have paid for his gift with our plums and our pears, our cherries and the fruits we cherish. Many a smallholder has smiled to see the grey thief skipping over the garden fence with a slice of bread-and-butter held in his hand. But with the rate of his increase he has touched our pockets. No animal may touch a man's pocket and live unreproved; that is the law of civilization. When we are young we receive our penny a week; we think the pennies will go on for ever, but when we are old we know better. When we are old, other folk dun us for our precious pennies—in the street, in the country, wherever we walk. If our pennies were safe we should ignore the grey squirrel, but they are not.

THE AUSTRALIAN SCENE, 1938

By L. C. Wilcher.

THIS year the people of New South Wales are celebrating their State's one-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday. Sesquicentenary they call it, perhaps because they feel that the extra two syllables emphasize to the full their superiority over those miserable beings, the Victorians, who three years ago could only manage a mere centenary; or maybe it is because they really like the word. But call it what you will, the fact remains that Australia's oldest city has now a century and a half to its credit; and that, as Mr. Mantalini would have said, is a demm'd long time. Long enough, at all events, to have some sort of song-and-dance about—especially in Australia, where any excuse for a communal jubilation is good enough. Let the moralist condemn the light-heartedness of a people who can celebrate while Spain and China burn, let historians talk gloomily of *panem et circenses* and the decline of a civilization, let old Poison Pen corrode European relations to his heart's content—Sydney will still enjoy itself during the year 1938. Her age is not so immense as to prevent her from gambolling with the best.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article to describe, boost or justify the revels; nor is it my intention to make them an excuse for gloating patriotically over the material progress of my country. It is remarkable enough that a city so prosperous and so magnificent as modern Sydney should stand on ground which in 1788 was a virgin wilderness: but the phenomenon is not unique by any means, nor has it passed unnoticed. Melbourne, Singapore, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto—or, for that matter, Liverpool and Glasgow—have the same story to tell, and people are past being amused by it. Instead, then, of indulging in an outburst of naïve enthusiasm, let us examine the Australian scene soberly and analytically,

and try to determine what kind of civilization has been built up in this country. It is a hundred and fifty years since the British began their invasion of the Australian continent, and it seems reasonable to suppose that it is now possible to recognize the essential shape and direction of there subsequent development here.

To begin with, Australia's civilization, despite wide variations in climate, is almost completely homogeneous. It is inevitable, of course, that in a country stretching over thirty-two degrees of latitude there should be a few cultural variations. Thus, to take a simple example. The weatherboard house which is such a feature of suburban Melbourne is entirely absent from the hotter streets of Adelaide, where it would be uninhabitable in the summer; while the piles on which most Brisbane houses stand have no place in the domestic architecture of Sydney. Some observers, moreover, profess themselves able to detect differences in accent from State to State, and there are many who are convinced that Sydney is more "americanized" than the other capitals. Regional differences of this kind, however, are few and superficial, and for the most part the observant visitor will remark throughout the continent a uniformity of social habit and mental outlook quite astonishing in so vast a country.

> "The housewife, whether her iron-roofed kitchen is situated on the 'pola-front' of southern Victoria or in the steaming coastal plain of Queensland, observes the same hours of labour, cooks the same stews and puddings, and goes shopping in the same fashion of hat." *

Politically a Federation, Australia is culturally a unit. Land at whatever port you like and you are at once in the heart of Australia; you will find in each capital city vested interests and local loyalties sufficiently strong to make political unification impossible, but you will also find the same political, economic and educational machinery, the same gods and the same stock of moral ideas. Nowhere in the world do communities so widely scattered conform so rigidly to type; know one and you know them all.

Another fact which it is important to grasp is that in Australia the capital cities completely dominate the countryside—so much

* W. K. Hancock, *Australia*, p. 75.

o that Australia's civilization is essentially urban. Not only lo the majority of our people (at the moment about 64 per cent. f them) live in what are officially known as " urban incorporated reas " of 2,000 inhabitants and over, but rather more than half f them (or nearly five-sixths of the total urban population) are oncentrated in the six capital cities. It is not surprising, herefore, that, although the country is the basis of Australia's conomic prosperity, the cities are the centre of its culture. Vhen Sydney catches a cold, it can be said, all New South Wales neezes. Weight of numbers, the predominantly urban haracter of the press, the presence of most of our public men n the capitals—these and countless other factors have given the ocial structure a distinctly urban flavour. John Citizen, not 'armer Dave, is the characteristic Australian figure, for what ohn is thinking today Dave, sturdily independent though he is, ill be thinking tomorrow. A similar tendency is to be found n most other parts of the modern world, but there is this ifference : in most of the " old " countries the persistence of ocal traditions and local dialects has endowed the provinces ith some measure of resistance to urban influence. But in ustralia there are no bulwarks. The average farmer in this ountry seldom regards his land as a place on which to build up permanent home for himself and his family : his object, sually, is to make money as quickly as he can and retire to the ty. The people who teach his children, the papers he reads, ie very machinery and technique he uses in his job—these all me from the city, and it is towards the city that his eyes are ways turning.

In the face of these facts, then, it would be patently absurd to ok for the roots of our national culture either in geography or the backblocks. Geo-physical factors have determined here the invaders of the continent would settle and have nited the area of invasion, but in general they have not erted a controlling influence over Australia's development : e backblocks contain the secret of our economic progress, but ey have not moulded the national type. One is accordingly mpted to ask whether it is permissible to talk of an *Australian* tional culture at all—whether, when all is said and done,

homo Australianus is vastly different from his relative *homo Britannicus*.

One thing is certain : there is a deep-rooted and widely held belief that he is. Take, for instance, the attitude of the average Englishman. During the course of four years in England I never actually met anybody who thought of my compatriots as a race of bullock-drivers and Kangaroo-hunters in red shirts, but I met a great many who clearly thought us an odd lot, a queer alien breed, immensely crude, full of peculiar notions and cursed with even more peculiar voices. In my own case the point was irrevocably driven home by the young man—quite an intelligent young man, who afterwards took a First in Greats—who stopped me one day in the quadrangle of our college and asked me if I was interested in the Oxford Group. Sensing from my somewhat startled demeanour that an explanation was required, he said, " You're an Australian, aren't you ? " Upon my admitting the soft impeachment he went on to say, " We came across another Australian recently, a fearful tough. Made things too hot for himself even in Australia ; but we cleaned him up. He's still a tough, of course, but quite decent." " Even in Australia " was good, and is still a precious memory, although it did not win a convert to the Group. And in that slip of the tongue was revealed the impression which nine Englishmen out of ten have of their Antipodean cousins—an impression of crude heartiness and unrefinement.

What the Antipodean cousins think of the Englishman is on the whole rather more flattering, but it follows broadly the same lines. A good, if exaggerated, specimen of the Australian outlook is to be found in the writings of that ardent Australian nationalist, Mr. P. R. Stephensen, whose book *The Foundations of Culture in Australia*, published a few years ago, still caused ranklings in the hearts of local Anglophiles. Mr. Stephensen is quite explicit : the English are a charming people, but their is the charm of decadence. The descendants of " the stay-at-homes, the unadventurous," they have suffered the inevitable fate of a people who live by drawing dividends from overseas "—they have lost their punch. " Bread and circuses—the dole and Wembley Stadium, the dole and Harringay Park dog-track, the dole and the Coronation procession—are we to be blind to

history's parallels?"* For Mr. Stephensen, then, the writing is on the wall; the Empire is falling apart, rotten at the heart, because the English are becoming too nerveless, too effete to hold it together. With this degeneracy he compares the fresh virility of the Australians, still engaged with unimpaired vigour in subduing a continent, with at least a century of development and expansion before them. He has, in short, accepted my Oxford Grouper's recipe, changed the names of its ingredients, and made it into a jorum palatable for home consumption.

This popular distinction between Home and Colonial is too widely accepted to be ignored or brushed aside, and undoubtedly there is something in it, as far as it goes. But how far does it go? Frankly, as I see it, it is just another case of confusion between accidentals and essentials. The most obvious thing about every stranger is his strangeness—his little surface peculiarities, his accent, his intonation, the words he uses—and we are inclined to let our consciousness of these blind us to the things we have in common with him. This error is natural, but it is none the less misleading; and to realize exactly how misleading it can be we have only to revert to Mr. Stephensen for a moment. In his eagerness to prove that the English are decadent he uses evidence which, if valid, would convict the Australians of being degenerate beyond redemption. The dole, Wembley Stadium, the Coronation procession—all have their counterparts in Australia, yet somehow Mr. Stephensen misses the fact. It is fairly obvious why.

Australia's history began in 1788, some years after Watt's invention of the steam-engine and only a short twelve months before the fall of the Bastille—two events which may be taken as symbolizing forces that changed the face of civilization more rapidly and more completely than it had ever been changed before. While Phillip was on his way to Botany Bay the two great streams of tendency—the one economic and the other political—which have shaped the modern world were already at work. The life of our country, in fact, falls entirely within the era of Brave New World, the world of Rousseau and Mazzini, of Watt, Rothschild and Henry Ford; and the most striking feature of this world is the way in which it has become progressively more

* *The Australian Rhodes Review* No. 3., p. 4.

standardized. Over the past hundred and fifty years the non-transferable elements of civilization, to use the phrase by which Keyserling described the habits and institutions peculiar to individual nations, have been fighting an ever-losing battle against the encroachment of institutions which are as transferable as the parts of a Morris car. The encroachment has been greater in some countries than in others, but everywhere it has been marked. To-day Turki peasants are using tractors made in Chicago, Chinese students catchwords made in Moscow, and every country is approximating more and more to a common pattern.

Australia is no exception, in fact, she began to resemble the pattern earlier than most. Actually the new industrialism and political democracy did not reach her until the middle of the nineteenth century, but in the sixty years which intervened between the landing at Botany Bay and their arrival here few or no barriers in the form of local interests and traditions, were built to resist them. It would not be incorrect to say, indeed, that except in one matter nothing which happened in Australia prior to 1850 had any significant effect on her subsequent development. The exception was the foundation of the wool industry and its by-product, a pseudo-aristocracy of large sheep-farmers, which dates back to 1820. The squatter, still a prominent figure in Australian life, had entrenched himself by the forties, and would have resisted the new forces if he could; but they were too strong for him.

The event which marked the turning-point and which, in fact, precipitated the new evolution was the discovery of gold—the most important single event in Australian history. Gold had been found in various parts of the country some time prior to 1850, but the authorities, influenced by a not misplaced fear of the consequences, had successfully kept the finds dark. In 1850, however, suppression was no longer possible. Soon the names Ballarat and Bendigo were on the lips of the world, and the roads north of Melbourne black with hurrying fortune-seekers. So great was the rush that within ten years the population of the country had more than doubled, and in those ten years the whole course of Australian history had been changed. The new arrivals were no listless convicts, no bored warders;

They were a restless, acquisitive breed, the last people on earth to live in Sleepy Hollow under the sway of a conservative ruling caste. Theirs was the spirit of the new age in its most primitive form—predatory, experimental and aggressive—and in their portmanteaux came the new capitalism and the new political creed. Chartist ideas and a get-rich-at-any-price complex—such was their two-fold contribution to their newly adopted land. The older colonial elements strove to curb them, but the struggle was brief; by 1861, the year of the Robertson Land Acts, the new elements had triumphed, and a new Australia had emerged, ardently democratic and eagerly receptive of any novel means of wringing wealth more successfully from the earth. It is significant that "digger," the name by which the Australian soldier was universally known during the War, and which sums up in itself the Australian genius, belongs to this period. It is also appropriate for the Australians who fought in 1914-18 were essentially the grandchildren of the diggers of 1850.

At this point it would be convenient, I think, to state two general conclusions. The first is that Australia's culture is the product not of geography, but of history. So far from having been determined by the *genius loci*, it is the fruit of an historical accident; it is not indigenous to the soil, but imported. Furthermore, although it has taken firm root in the soil, it has not been notably creative on its own account. Australia's contributions to the Europe from which she has taken so much can be counted on the fingers of one hand; when you have mentioned merino wool, the slump-jump plough, the Victorian ballot and Australian football you have virtually covered them all. In the second place, this culture found little, when it reached Australia, to mellow and refine it. The heritages from a more gracious past which counterbalanced the starker side of industrial England did not exist in this country. When the forces which produced, say, Jarrow reached Australia, they found a *tabula rasa* on which they were able to perpetrate their fell work unimpeded, with the result that they produced a culture which in essence belongs wholly to the modern world.

It must not be supposed, however, that the invaders of Australia were completely dead to the refinements of life, or that they failed even at the outset to make sane provision for

them. The reminiscences of many a pioneer betray a curious heart-ache for the charming things left behind, and the names Keswick, Horsham, Red Hill and Cheltenham, attached to some of the drabbest places in Australia, are proof that the immigrants did not think of the homeland altogether in terms of Manchester and Wigan. Material necessity compelled them to make a landscape of slag-heaps and wire-fences, but they were not content that it always should be so. Every capital city (except, perhaps, Sydney) and most large towns bear traces of intelligent and imaginative town-planning; most farms have their ring of trees and hedges; and everywhere there is ample proof that the gardener has been at work for the best part of a century. Evidence of another kind, but equally convincing, is to be found in the educational sphere. The Kings School, Parramatta, founded in the 'thirties, has already celebrated its centenary; and the celebration, significantly enough, took the form of an exchange of courtesies with its prototype, The King's School, Canterbury. The decade following upon 1847 saw the planting of a whole crop of Public Schools, notably Hutchings School (Launceston), St. Peter's College (Adelaide), and the Melbourne and Sydney Grammar Schools, all of which are still in existence. The same period witnessed the establishment of Universities in Sydney and Melbourne. To-day, incidentally, there are seven Universities in Australia, most of them at least up to the standard of the English provincial universities, two of them catering for nearly four thousand students each; while in Melbourne alone there are six public schools teaching over three thousand boys. These figures should leave no doubt as to the readiness with which Australians have sought and used opportunities for higher education. How well they have used them it is for others to judge.

In this field, even less than in the material sphere, has the Australian struck out on an independent line of his own. In the face of economic difficulties he has occasionally invented something new—*e.g.*, merino wool, Federation wheat and the stump-jump plough; but "culturally" (to use the word in its narrower sense) he has consistently relied on British models. When he makes a garden he plants imported trees—elms and

oaks, pines, poplars and planes—and only rarely, as in Perth, has it occurred to him to make any extensive use of that magnificent ornament, the flowering gum. When he builds a church or hall he seldom gets beyond some form of Gothic—the University buildings at Perth and the public buildings at Canberra being the only two instances of an architecture suited to the environment which, off-hand, I can think of. When he founds a school he instinctively turns to England for guidance, and although only two Australian schools resemble the English Public School in the sense that the majority of their boys are boarders, most of them conform closely to the type in every other respect. As for the universities, their character can be gauged from the fact that four-fifths of the lecturers have had English or Scottish training of one kind or other, and that nine-tenths of the undergraduates hope to get it. Only the other day an undergraduate asked me if he should apply for a Rhodes Scholarship, and seeing that I was registering surprise he said, " Oh, I know I'm not good enough, but the fact is that I would give my soul to get to Oxford." His attitude is not uncommon.

There was a time when this tendency to treat the Motherland as a sort of Mecca met with a certain measure of hostility. In the 'nineties of last century Australian nationalism was something of a cult, and sufficiently strong to be taken seriously. *The Bulletin*, which had its heyday in that decade, used then to preach the doctrine of Australia and an Australian Culture for the Australians, and even went to the length of evolving that queer jargon which it still uses and which was presumably meant to serve as a native substitute for standard English. With the passage of time, however, the isolationist school has lost most of its adherents and much of its ferocity; with the increase of travel and the improvement in communications the gap between Australia and England has narrowed, not widened. Here and there to-day you may still meet people who preach the nationalist creed—who are impatient because we teach English rather than Australian history to our children, because we go on putting up buildings which are inappropriate to the bright sunlight of our land, because our artists and poets are slow to throw off the shackles of their British heritage; but

they are few and far between. It is just possible that such people are right, and that we would be healthier if we were more independent-minded, but most Australians refuse to think so. The most, in fact, that can be said for Australian nationalism in the year 1938 is that it is an interesting but unimportant survival.

Let there be no mistake. I am not suggesting for a moment that Australians as a class are actively conscious of their affinity to the homelanders, nor that (except in what is called Society) they are influenced by any loyal desire to be as like them as they can. But whether they see it or not, whether they like it or not, the fact remains that Australia is essentially a British country. Ninety-seven per cent. of its inhabitants had their origin in the British Isles (75 per cent. in England, Scotland and Wales, the rest in Ireland); its legal and political institutions (Federation apart) are British to the core; its machines and its minds, its libraries and its religious sects are part of a British heritage. *Homo Australianus*, in fact, is a provincial *homo Britannicus*—a little cruder, perhaps, but much the same kind of fellow at bottom. There is no apparent reason why he should cease to be so.

* * * * *

It remains very briefly to consider the bearing of all this on Australia's political relationship with Great Britain. In this country, as in all others, most people at the present time are casting an uneasy eye over the international scene and wondering what its gloomy appearance portends. The dark outlook is recognized as being of direct interest to Australia, and this because of two possibilities; first, that she might be involved in a war with Italy or Germany or both on Great Britain's account, and secondly that she might be involved in a war with Japan on her own account. The first of these contingencies is thought to be likely, the second remote, but it is agreed that both have to be taken seriously into account. Australia is accordingly following the common example, and is arming herself as fast as is politically and financially possible.

The situation, as far as it affects Anglo-Australian relations, is somewhat complex, but it can be sketched in something like these terms. Australia is a Pacific country, with no direct

interest in European affairs as such, and she is too remote from Europe seriously to suffer the cupidity of any European Power. But she definitely must fear Japan, against whom she could not hope to defend herself without assistance. Assistance can be looked for from Great Britain alone ; therefore, Australia must nurse the British connection ; and therefore, as a form of national insurance, she must be prepared to fight for Britain in Europe. That is one view, but there is an alternative. Australia as before, is a nation with Pacific rather than European interests. She need not fear a European invasion, *nor* at the moment need she fear Japan, who has already bitten off as much as she can chew. But in the event of Japanese attack, Britain would almost certainly be kept busy by Japan's European allies and be unable to give Australia any effective assistance. Further, Britain's policy appears to be anti-Japanese, and may compromise Australia, who should strive to be friendly with Japan. Therefore the British connection is useless, and therefore Australia should avoid being caught up in Britain's wars.

Such is the logic of this country's external relationships ; but if anybody should imagine an Australian statesman sitting in his study, cold-bloodedly weighing these alternatives off against each other, he would be making a profound mistake. Australia's external policy is not going to be determined by the pros and cons of logic ; it will be determined, in 19— as in 1914, by sentiment—by the fact that she is bound to Great Britain by a thousand affinities more compelling than all the logic in the world. When in 1914 British civilization entered the lists with German militarism, Australia automatically went to the Motherland's aid—*because it was her civilization which was being attacked.* The decision was that of a statesman, but he was giving effect to the instinct of a people ; and it will be the same again. Mr. Lyons has left no doubt as to where he stands—he stands where Fisher stood in 1914. Mr. Curtin, the Labour leader, is more cautious.

> "The safety of Australia and the peace of the nation being our fundamental obligation, we insist that the country shall not be committed to warlike activities *outside Australia* without the absolute and established consent of the Australian people."

In other words, he would leave it to a Referendum. The result of that Referendum, if it should be held, is a foregone conclusion.

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

JUST when finishing this article I read the news that Austria virtually ceases to have a separate existence. If it had gone by the will of the Austrian people, no one need regret. But the end has come in the worst possible way, and with it the last remnants of international Law in Europe are swept into the dustbin. Presumably we shall soon see a new exodus of artists, doctors, and thinkers, convicted of having Jewish blood. The case for unrestricted Jewish immigration to Palestine is formidably strengthened.

Democracy in Extremis

Elsewhere events go on in their unpleasing way. Japan continues to demonstrate friendly intentions to China by killing off such Chinese as misunderstand those intentions. Perhaps the most notable fact has been an official pronouncement on the Chinese side that matters must not be considered desperate until the Chinese losses approach one hundred million. It is admitted that to kill one Japanese three Chinese must be sacrificed; but China, according to the statement, is prepared to go on by the book of arithmetic until the last available Japanese is disposed of, leaving China with a balance of a hundred million or so still on foot. We are surely living in a singular world. But how many years it will take to exhaust the Japanese energy of conquest, or the Chinese stubbornness of resistance, no man can at present compute. If the struggle continues long, the expenditure on armament undertaken by the British people and by the American people, which already assumes astronomical figures, may make it possible for the West to intervene decisively. Unless, indeed, the West finds western objectives on which to consume this accumulated power of destruction.

But the first fact to be recognized is that the rest of the world can expect nothing from the United States. I do not know

why anyone should censure that democracy for its desire to keep out of the insane orgies which are afflicting other continents; and we need not be greatly concerned if American critics express the opinion that Great Britain by letting Mr. Eden go has been disgracefully lacking in loyalty to the League of Nations. Jean Jacques Rousseau would probably have been eloquent in denunciation if the infants which he deposited at the door of the Foundling Hospital were not carefully looked after! European democracy has to shift for itself, and must leave China to expect early assistance only from those two formidable allies Space and Time. If and when the tide seems to turn in favour of these generals, not only Europe but America will rush to the assistance of the winning side. Japan, however victorious, cannot count on such assistance; up to this point, a sense of international morality makes itself felt. China may look for help when it becomes reasonably certain that such help will shorten the conflict, to China's advantage; Japan is unlikely to receive anything more than complimentary addresses from those European Powers which applaud Japan's action.

The Personality of Lord Halifax

The problem for the European world is how to check the increasing spread of militarist influence. It is recognized in all quarters that policy directed to this end must be backed by powerful armament. France, already formidably equipped, continues to increase her defence budget, and Mr. Churchill rightly emphasizes that the security of England is protected by the French army, considerably more than the security of France by the British navy; but the internal distractions of France make it impossible for her to assume the lead in Europe—though a strong sense of her European mission is enabling her to limit the domestic conflicts arising out of a social revolution. The lead rests with England, and Mr. Chamberlain has the gravest responsibility for European policy. There is no use in saying that this is the Foreign Minister's job. If the Prime Minister had a policy, and could not agree with the Foreign Secretary as to methods, plainly the Foreign Secretary had to go. Mr. Chamberlain is much too shrewd not to have realized how serious a shock Mr. Eden's resignation would inflict on his Government; and he was faced at once by protest in the House of Commons from so old

and tried a supporter as Major Hills—to say nothing of denunciatory storms from Labour and the Liberals. To many of us there is about Lord Halifax, whom I remember well as a back-bencher in the House of Commons, much of the quality which all men recognized in Sir Edward Grey. It was the native unassuming authority of a great gentleman; that simplicity which marks the highest type of Englishman. He has not Mr. Eden's intimate knowledge of ramifying attachments, feuds, loyalties and detestations all over Europe; but he has more weight of personality and of achievement. When Mr. Baldwin sent him to India in a critical hour, saying that he parted unwillingly from the presence of his most trusted colleague, Lord Halifax disregarded much expert advice in agreeing to meet Mr. Gandhi; yet from that meeting, so far as an outsider can judge, much good resulted to India; and its effect is far from being exhausted. The frank candour which is characteristic of Lord Halifax is the kind that begets frank dealing. If negotiations have to be conducted with the dictators—and it seems agreed on all sides that there should be a general review of international relations—they are more likely to be fruitful with a change in the personality of the British representative. Allowance has to be made for unreasonable as well as reasonable feeling. Mr. Eden, through no fault of his, found himself committed to an attitude of barren opposition to Italy. It will be easier for *Il Duce*—who like every other dictatorial demagogue has his public to consider—to reach agreement with a man who has not a legend hung about his neck, marking him as anti-Italian. But the dictators will be greatly mistaken if they think Lord Halifax less attached to the essential principles of the League of Nations than Mr. Eden—or than any other Englishman in public life.

The Ugly Present

Austrian independence has gone. It was not easy for Europe to preserve the separateness of a country a large part of whose citizens desired to be swallowed up. No Government in Austria could have created a national resistance to the demands of an armed Germany. But any act of aggression of Italy against Yugoslavia would infallibly produce war, and war would infallibly spread. This aggression is not likely. Aggression of Germany against

Czechoslovakia is less unlikely—and even more certain to extend its consequences. The French have renewed their pledge to Masaryk's country. It is backed by the Franco-Russian entente. That entente remains necessary, so long as France is to be the sole western guarantor of peace in Central Europe. Civilized democracy is forced into alliance with the most odious and the least civilized of the three dictatorships. If Lord Halifax and Mr. Chamberlain could devise some other guarantee, the world would be a happier place.

As things are, nobody can count on Russia for a week. If those enforced confessions mean anything at all, they mean that almost every leading man in the Soviet State, as Stalin has made it, seizes the first chance that offers to conspire for its overthrow. Yet the vast country is full of splendid energies; Arctic explorers adrift for months on their floe and the rescuing party with its ice-breakers and plans have proved that. There may be a shortage of generals in the Russian armies after Stalin's purges, but none of aeroplanes and pilots. Germany is a more vulnerable target for bombers than Russia, and, disgusting though such considerations are, that is at present the main guarantee for the security of Czechoslovak freedom.

One may note the curious fact that of all Germans living the man who commands most sympathy in Great Britain is a former U-boat commander. Condemned or acquitted, on whatever pretext kept in jail, Dr. Niemöller is a figure beside whom Herr Hitler and his pack make a contemptible showing. There is one free spirit in Germany to-day; and some day or other, Germany will awaken to the fact that under the system for which they cheer themselves hoarse, such a spirit is regarded as a public danger. Nations differ in their standard of values; but there is no honest civilized opinion in the European world which does not approve and admire such a man as the Hitler *régime* claps into custody—for his protection.

In Spain General Franco has had a major success on the Teruel front, but has suffered a considerable loss to his naval force. With savagery characteristic of this whole conflict, aeroplanes were summoned by wireless to bomb the sinking vessel and the boat-crews of men trying to rescue the survivors. Among them were some sent out from a British warship; and

at least one British bluejacket was killed in attempting this work of mercy : a very ugly story.

Of all places, India offers a hopeful prospect. Faces have been saved. The provincial governments have been prevented from making a general delivery of political prisoners at one stroke, but they are undertaking a review of the cases individually, which will probably come to the same thing in the end. Quite probably the measure may justify itself. Indians like to recall the Irish example. Undoubtedly many persons were enlarged by the Free State Government who, if they had found a British authority still in possession, would again have set to work shooting policemen ; indeed many of those with whom the British Government later knew as very able Irish ministers had been extreme political offenders against British rule. But the Irish analogy suggests also that even a native Indian government, elected by Indian votes, may find that some of those addicted to violent methods of political persuasion will be prone to return to them. Even Mr. de Valera has put a good many Irish Republicans into jail. However, in India, hope for the present and the future lies in Mr. Gandhi, who evidently wants the great experiment in self-government to get a fair trial. His intervention made the face-saving operation possible. Being a man of good-will, he knows when there is good-will in those with whom India has to deal ; and only an Indian of immense authority could persuade Indians who have spent their lives in contending against British rule that there is good-will towards India in the British authorities and in the British people.

Men of Good Will

The same reasoning applies in Ireland ; but Ireland's equivalent for Mr. Gandhi is Mr. de Valera, and Mr. de Valera, unlike Mr. Gandhi, is a party leader hampered by party considerations, with his own left-wing to take into account as well as his declared opponents. A good many of the latter would be anyhow not sorry to see him fail—though I should not reckon Mr. Cosgrave in that number. But among the general public there are not a few who on the whole recognize in Mr. de Valera a man of good-will, honestly desirous to improve relations between the two countries. I am not sure, however, that he is

willing, like Mr. Gandhi, to accept something that is on the way to his main objective—which I take to be a prosperous and united Ireland linked to Great Britain by bonds of mutual interest and advantage. At the present moment all that is possible to achieve concerns material prosperity; yet until "Eire," which was the Free State, is prosperous and freed from a war of penalizing tariffs, the chances of union are negligible. In the bargain for material improvement there is not going to be a settlement in which Mr. de Valera gains everything and gives nothing; and there is not a great deal which, politically speaking, he can afford to give. Consequently not very much is to be expected. Yet if a conviction is established that there is good will on both sides, an advance will have been made. There might henceforward be a more reasonable approach to the whole problem—or group of problems—that remain unsolved as between Eire and Great Britain, and between Eire and Northern Ireland.

To begin with, Mr. de Valera should desist from saying that this British Government, or any British Government, could force the people of the Six Counties into a union with the other six and twenty. Unless they can be attracted into a union by the sense of their own interest, and by a national sentiment, they will not come in; and any Government in England which tried to force them would be upset within a month.

Irish History: a Glance Backward

But it is not impossible to attract them, on one condition. You must take account of their sentiments and their history. Who are they? They are the strong surviving remnant of the Protestant Irish nation which gained its independence by the Volunteers in 1782, and gained it from England. They were then, it is true, a minority of the people living in Ireland; but they were in their own eyes and the eyes of the world, the Irish nation. They lost their independence, that also is true; their representatives sold it away; but one thing they never lost, the sense that they were Irish. There is no use in talking to them about a "United Eire", but United Ireland even to-day sounds pleasantly in their ears.

Fortunately there exists now what was not available till a few years ago—a competent history of Ireland from the

earliest time to the present. It has been written by Professor Edmund Curtis of Trinity College, Dublin, and is, I am glad to note, already in its third edition. Professor Curtis has two great advantages over his predecessors, and the first of these is that he had predecessors. Even twenty years ago (I speak from experience), attempting a continuous history of Ireland was like trying to make your way through untrodden jungle. Several of us did a preliminary tramping, but none of us brought to the task anything like Professor Curtis's general equipment of knowledge; and none had his second advantage, familiarity with the Irish language and literature. It is to this that he owes his awareness of what Lecky, for instance, never realized—the persistence of the original Gælic people which till a hundred years ago remained in the main Gælic-speaking, and was bound together by memories of an old literature, and an old code of law.

Irish history, of which we have written records, goes back say fifteen centuries. The history of the Anglo-Irish people as a separate entity covers roughly one century—the eighteenth—and is, as Mr. Curtis calls it, an episode. But Ireland as a whole has never disowned it. Grattan and Flood rank with O'Connell and Parnell; and no one disputes but that these earlier men were devoted to the cause of Ireland, and thought of themselves first and last as Irishmen—yet both were devoted subjects of the British Crown.

During that century the original Irish nation was reduced to its lowest degradation, trampled into the very dust. To-day throughout twenty-six counties it has come on top. I do not think that more than two or three men have sat in Dáil Éireann whose forbears were in the Dublin parliament of the eighteenth century. But in the northern parliament there is no such breach of continuity. Gæls are there, representing the important Catholic minority in the Six Counties. But in the main, the parliament represents the Anglo-Irish nation, in several instances by individuals whose forefathers were in parliament with Grattan, and probably in nearly all cases by descendants of the Irish Volunteers. Mr. de Valera, and not only Mr. de Valera but the whole political body of the Twenty-six Counties, will

have to alter their attitude to the Anglo-Irish nation if they want an end of partition.

The case is not unique. Here is a letter written to me more than ten years ago by a Finnish student ; and a deal of it is only too applicable to Ireland.

> "I think we Swedes in Finland are very much in the same position as the Protestants in Ireland; we have done much the same thing for our country as you have done for Ireland, but the new Finnish nationalism won't have anything to do with us any longer and won't recognise us as genuine representatives of our country. They want to develop a new culture in the Finnish language. I am very much in sympathy with any movement of this kind and I came home from England more Finnish and nationalistic-minded than I was before. But when I look for positive evidence of work done by the Genuine Finns for the new culture I find hardly anything of value. . . . . Although a Swede myself I regret that as much as the Finns themselves would if they had realised it. . . . . There's nothing to prevent the Finns from developing a culture of their own. They have freedom, they have power, they have every outward requisite. Yet they regard it as the most important thing they can think of not to create, but to destroy what there is of Swedish, or Scandinavian culture in the country. . . . . An "inferiority complex" is a dangerous thing for a nation to suffer from. It breeds hatred and that is not a favourable soil for a national culture to grow up from."

A Treat for Latinists

Those persons who got pleasure out of Latin in their youth will find a happy revival of it if they read *Three Roman Poets* by Mr. F. A. Wright, formerly professor of classics in the University of London. He treats the classic authors as human documents, and is well able to show how the spirit of Plautus or of Ovid can be recaptured in English. With Catullus he is not so successful ; but who can render a lyric? and Catullus seems to me the one indisputable lyrical poet in classical Latin. I do not like Professor Wright's version of the complaint " *Miser Catulle desinas ineptire* " and should prefer something like this :

> "Poor fool Catullus, cease to rave
> And give the dead a decent grave.
> You had your day of shine and sun,
> The sun is set, and that is done."

Yet that misses the effect of the curious " limping iambic " which Catullus uses here. Mr. Wright's work sets one asking if Latin poetry did not begin to find its true way when it cut adrift from Greek models. Mediæval Latin verse is very lax in scansion and revels voluptuously in the rhyming facilities afforded by genitives and datives plural :

Urbs Syon aurea, patria debita glorificandis,
Tu bona cordibus illa petentibus intima pandis.

Classical Rome turned its back on all such resonances and assonances; it hooted Cicero when he wrote *O fortunatam natam me consule Roman*: the rhyme was only an aggravation of the bad taste. Some theorists have held that rhyming came into Latin through the Celtic monks, who knew the trick in their own language; but Mr. Wright shows us that it was in use when Plautus wrote songs, inset among his iambic dialogue, a century and a half before Cicero. And there is a deal more affinity between Plautus and the "wandering scholars" whom Miss Helen Waddell translates, than between him and Virgil, or Horace of the Odes. Yet Abelard and the rest came from all over Europe and were divided by a millenarium from the father of Latin literature.

There is in both Plautus and Catullus a simplicity and directness singularly lacking in the complexities of Horace's Odes; Ovid has temperamental affinities with the mediæval singers, but he is tied up tight in the elegiac couplet, with rules imposed that made it wholly unfit for real poetry. Catullus disregarded them, so did Propertius; but Eton and all the schools cling like limpets to the Ovidian discipline.

Sunt apud infernos tot millia formosarum;
Pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis.

No Eton master would have allowed that lovely couplet to stand—nor for that matter, the immortal lament of Catullus:

Atque, in perpetuum frater, ave atque vale.

One thing above all makes this volume attractive: Latin literature is discussed by a critic as familiar with the moderns as the ancients. Many of the translations owe a great deal to W. S. Gilbert (and how many writers have had so clean a finish with light verse?) Many of the appreciations light up the subject by a comparison with modern French poetry—which for such scholars as Jebb or Tyrrell apparently had no existence. Catullus is better understood when we place him, as Mr. Wright does, beside Musset. Yet, if I may say so, he spoils the illustration by naming in the same sentence Burns and Keats—who except that they were lyric poets, had very little likeness to each other, or to Musset.

POLITICS: BLOODY AND BLAND

By D. W. Brogan

THE MORAL BASIS OF POLITICS, by Naomi Mitchison. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

WORKERS FRONT, by Fenner Brockway. *Secker and Warburg.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

CONSTRUCTIVE DEMOCRACY, edited by Sir Ernest Simon. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

HUMANITY IN POLITICS, by Arthur Bryant. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In this grim moment of our and Europe's history, the flood of books on political problems is indicative of a shift in public interest. It is being realized that not all problems are economic or technical, that no scheme of social philosophy, even if based on a sacred scripture, can absolve men from the duty of thinking realistically about the problems of power, of coercion, of justice. It is the chief merit of Mrs. Mitchison's book that she has that problem continually before her mind, and by the sincerity and liveliness of her discussion of it she keep it alive in the minds of her readers. Like many left-wingers, Mrs. Mitchison is attracted or at least perplexed in mind by the pacifist position as stated by Mr. Aldous Huxley. As dreams of easy "Left" victories, by force or persuasion, have faded, there has been an increased interest in the problem of means and ends, an interest painfully stimulated in the past weeks by the Russian trials. Except that the picture of Russia is still a little gilt, Mrs. Mitchison faces all these problems involved with a winning sincerity, if not always with a commanding clarity or force of argument.

On the question of force, Mrs. Mitchison is far more interested in the moral justification of its use than in what she, no doubt, considers the merely practical question of its successful use. She might have considered at more length the question of whether the probability that the force used will or will not, in fact, produce the desired "good" result has a bearing on the moral justification of its use. For the examples she gives of force which appeal to her are nearly all examples of forlorn hopes or indeed, of enterprises which had no chance of immediate success. But some of them had a long-run good result in awakening the consciences of the victors or of the neutrals. If Pearse's death watered the Irish Rose Tree; if the blood of Connolly, nursed back to shooting state by a careful British Government, helped to blight the upas tree of Dublin Castle, can we be sure that all martyrdoms will be equally fruitful? Mrs. Mitchison has her own doubts, but she contrasts, naturally and powerfully, the Austrian Socialists, who went down fighting, with the German Socialist and Communist leaders who went down talking. And she is sure that the Spaniards were right to resist the civilizing mission of the Moors brought in to save Christianity.

The lesson for Britain is not quite so clear. Despite its occasional flurries of verbal violence, the British Labour movement is pacific where it is not pacifist. There is no logical reason why a left-winger should be a pacifist, and no true believer in the class-war can be, but the spirit of Lords Arnold and Sanderson is common in the movement, for the same reasons that make it more probable that a vegetarian is Left than

Right in politics. The English Left must either stop talking vaguely of class-war or do some more serious thinking about its implications than it has given many signs of doing.

In France things are different, and it is an imperfect realization of the difference that makes Mr. Fenner Brockway's able tract largely miss fire. He is able to show the inconsistencies of the common front of believers in the sacredness of private property (the Radicals) and the believers in its wickedness or folly (the Socialists and Communists). He shows, what is evident, that you can't both save and destroy private property at the same time, and he argues that in France, as in Spain, the great revolutionary cause of socialism has been sacrificed to other less valuable goods, notably to the necessities of Soviet foreign policy. No one could be less disposed than I am to defend either the intelligence or the candour of the Comintern, but there are in Mr. Brockway's argument gaps which need closing. He assumes, for example, that the French Radicals were forced to make a bargain with the workers' parties on any terms the latter liked to impose, that, in fact, the Radicals brought nothing to the alliance. But the Radicals brough a lot. It is worth remark that Mr. Brockway refers to a "Popular Gathering" being held in Paris "in July, 1935." It was held on July 14th, and if Mr. Brockway does not think that the exact date is important it shows how ill-qualified he is to prescribe for French political troubles. For the real barrier to fascism in France is history.

When we leave these burning revolutionary questions and move to the shady dells and ingle-nooks of Ashridge, we move into another world. It is so reasonable, so kind, so dull. "Constructive Democracy" is largely a mass of platitudes, some worth repeating, some not. The practical arguments of Sir William Beveridge and some very good points made by Sir Arthur Salter and Sir Alfred Zimmern relieve an almost unbearably gentle and genteel discussion. The same note is struck even more clearly by Mr. Bryant (h was one of the speakers at the conferenc at Ashridge) when he says, "But clever man who is not also a kind ma is like a piece of grit in the machiner of state." As far as Mr. Bryant book has a theme, it appears to be tha

So Bismarck is hiding his head at th thought of how much he is inferior t Baldwin, and Cavour is wishing that i life he had been more like Chamberlai (Neville, not Joseph). But whateve may be the case with foreign politician Mr. Bryant is kind. He approves nearly everything in England, th weather, cricket, Bolton (seen from distance), and if he disapproves Mr. Herbert's divorce bill, it is in th same gentlemanly way that he approve of Lent. He is fond of what Jesuit call "composition of place." "Abov is the kindly sky of English summer the air is warm yet temperate, cool a claret drunk out of doors on a Jun evening and fresh as mid-Atlantic. In these agreeable conditions, M Bryant contemplates the world rather that

> "Paradise of the four seas,
> What Heaven planted us to please,
> But to exclude the world, did guard,
> With watery, if not flaming sword."

There are, of course, snakes in th Eden; the monsters who defile th English landscape encouraged, or surmises, by Stalin or his agents i Downing Street, while Lord Baldwi was whiling away the time with Mar Webb, and Mr. Chamberlain was fishin It is all very pleasant, very competen very bland. Many worse collection of reprinted journalism have bee issued, but was it wise of the publishe to remind us that Mr. Bryant succeede Chesterton as "writer of the week "Note Book" in the *Illustrated Londo News*?" Mr. Bryant is at home in th seventeenth century, but I, who am no cannot remember how many marsha Louis XIV made to replace Turenn Was it half a dozen or a dozen?

SHELLEY'S WIFE

RICHARD CHURCH.

MARY SHELLEY. A Biography by R. Glynn Grylls. *Oxford University Press.* 18*s.*

It is notorious that the sons and daughters of famous people begin life with a heavy handicap against them. They don't have a clean start. They are like the younger children in poor families who have to wear the abridged garments of the elder ones. Such clothes never fit properly and always cause discomfort and chafing.

Mary Shelley was triply embarrassed. She began with a famous father and a famous mother, and later she married one of the few immortals. The consequence is that, for the outside world at least, her girlhood was a ghostly one, like a candle lit at dawn with the full moon still shining on one side and the rising sun on the other. As for the rest of her life, posterity has been content to interest itself in the six years she spent with Shelley. The remaining twenty-nine have been treated as an epilogue. Indeed, very little has been known about them. The general view has been that she spent her widowhood explaining away the events and ideas which occupied her wifehood. The testimony of some of her contemporaries fostered that view. Her easy-going friend Jane Williams, Thomas Love Peacock who disliked her, Trelawney who loved and abused her; they all three contributed their bit towards this false legend.

For, after all, it was false. Looking at her life with a sort of Johnsonian common-sense, one might say that of course she was a satellite, and that after Shelley's death she quite rightly and naturally sank into privacy, except for an occasional flash of limelight when her novels (fictional portrait themes of Shelley) were published. But a closer examination, such as Miss Glynn Grylls has given us in this careful and well documented life, shows how full those twenty-nine years were, and how much her history during that period justified the faith that Shelley and Byron had in her capabilities.

No biographer before, not even Mrs. Marshall, has shown this sense of proportion. They have all (including myself in my own little biography of Mary) taken up the Johnsonian attitude. Probably it is right from a historical point of view. But it is not fully sympathetic or sufficiently close to the subject. It brings Shelley too much into the picture. Miss Grylls has not pushed him into the background, or denied him any of his greatness. Nor has she done so with Mary's parents. Indeed, she has gone further; she has even found something good to say of Godwin's second wife, Mrs. Claremont, who has hitherto been regarded as a virago whose obtuse barbarianism drove Mary into a humourless introspectiveness, and her less stable half-sister Fanny to suicide. But, says Miss Grylls, "to be fair to Mrs. Godwin also, with regard to her step-children, she had many cares on her hands which would have made it difficult for a woman of the most sympathetic nature to devote much understanding to them, and it is to her credit that she never neglected their health."

That is the temper in which this book is written. It yields interesting results. It attempts no violent contradiction of its predecessors. It is

content to amplify them. Thus, for example, we are made to realize *intimately* and not merely in passing, how desolate she was, how lonely in spirit, during the years following the tragedy, in spite of the fact that she kept such a brave face to the world and forced herself to a fully social and intellectual life. She never let grief sap her vitality. Few people indeed saw that grief. They could only suspect it, perhaps, from a certain inscrutability in her character.

With a rare touch of biographical skill Miss Grylls shows her grief, and how much it influenced her. We knew before that it prevented her from marrying again, but we did not know how acutely it touched her daily thought and conduct. Now, with a quotation here, and a piece of exegesis there, Miss Grylls lays bare that emotional reality. She quotes this passage from Mary's Journal, written two years after the poet's death. "I have been gay in company before, but the inspiriting sentiment of the heart's peace I have not felt before tonight—and yet my own, never was I so entirely yours—in sorrow and grief I wish sometimes (how vainly) for earthly consolation at a period of pleasing excitement—I cling to your memory alone and you alone receive the overflowings of my heart. Beloved Shelley, Good-night . . ."

And when Jane Williams, an attractive beauty who had stirred Shelley's imagination to much of his best poetry, later recalled that influence and gave it a sexual innuendo in order to gratify, perhaps, the greater erotic needs of her naturer years, we see how terribly it hurt Mary. And that hurt was not to her jealous vanity. It went deeper. It disturbed the whole organization of her faith in life, and the principles which she has compromised out of her early philosophic training under her father, her exalted spiritual flights with her husband, and the cruel emotional realities of her return to English middle-class society. Jane, now married to the not very likeable Hogg, showed tearful repentance, but "Mary did not want her repentance, she did not want her love again; they were not worth having; but she felt a pang for the affection that she and Shelley had lavished upon any one so worthless; it was ironical that they should be served so ill who tried to love their fellow men so well." That is rather a facile condemnation of Jane. Nobody will ever know the full facts of her friendship with Shelley. Probably its dangers never formalized into fact. But Mary's resentment was human, and not divine. It is easy to be priggish when hurt, and many critics have accused Mary of that weakness. She certainly is so, as Miss Grylls there presents her. It is, however, only the darker facet of her fidelity to the man she loved and served so well, and her jealous care for his posthumous reputation and the future self-respect of his son.

There is much in this book to discuss; but I have shown the quality of it; how it reveals so fully the intimacy of Mary's thoughts, moods, weaknesses and power; and most important, how it shows her alongside the great figures whom she accompanied, yet does not allow her to be overshadowed by them

GUSTAV STRESEMANN: Diaries, Letters and Papers. Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton, Vol. II. *Macmillan.* 25*s. net.*

The world hailed the Locarno Settlement as the beginning of the end of the years of that troublous unrest that is war's aftermath and even some years later was still prepared to treat it as the dawn of a new era of peaceful co-operation and European solidarity. To-day with Europe split into opposing political camps and rent with ideological schism, there is a tendency to consider that feeling of relief and hope as psycho-pathological and reflecting little credit on the intelligence of those who signed the Pact. Yet Locarno was a great event, and the critical observer even to-day can rightly say it was a turning point in the history of Europe, a triumph of political commonsense and practical idealism, and not less a triumph because it was as much a hope

as an achievement. Because it was a great event the process of its accomplishment is well worth study, for the forces against it were precisely those forces—if less hysterical and less powerful—which to-day work against peace.

Nowhere can that process be better studied than in this volume which is in its greatest part the work of the man to whom in the main Locarno was due. Stresemann's reputation to-day still stands firm with those who know the history of Republican Germany, but even they, when they come to this collection, will find new reason for admiration. Here in detail from day to day are set forth difficulties so manifold that only sheer strength of conviction could have hoped to cope with them. The international difficulties—British timidity, French suspicion, Russian intrigue—are well known for they were public, but as difficulties they were really less than the secret difficulties which Stresemann encountered at home. Here was a Foreign Minister arrived after long wrestling with himself, and by the soundest of political reasonings, at what he believed to be the one solution of the immediate problem. Yet that solution was repudiated by the majority of the Cabinet of which he was a member and of the coalition supporting it, and opposed by what was already described as "Young Germany"—white or red. Its supporters were the Socialist opposition — already "the November traitors," — pacifists and liberal intellectuals. It could command a majority, but at the risk of wrecking the Government, and so the policy, for Stresemann knew that from the international point of view the solution must be accepted by a Right majority and in the end he only obtained it because the Right itself split. Every possible obstacle was put in his way, every devious means was tried even by his own Party and his own Cabinet colleagues. Time and again calculated public indiscretion or secret intrigue caused a setback. He could depend on nothing but his own faith and his own courage, and it would be unfair from the despicability of his opponents to minimize the greatness of the internal political victory. Stresemann always overrated the receptiveness to truth of others because his own mind was so receptive and his own thought so capable of growth. It is not unusual for the politician to be a dilettante of things of the intellectual life. Stresemann was no dilettante. He had in him the makings of a critic both of art and of life. The odd literary fragments printed here are invaluable for those who seek to understand him, for they explain so much. He had the artist's mind; his critical sense was keen but it was overborne by sentiment as is seen in the keen zest with which he tackles a minor detection problem in literary criticism, in the almost undergraduate enthusiasm for Goethe, in the romanticism of his recognition of the claims of art on life and of the imagination on conduct. He was by his own choice a politician, for to him politics was destiny. But he brought to politics the artist's enthusiasm and the artist's faith. Perhaps—allowing for all the good will there was—that, after all, was why Locarno was possible.

R.T.C.

A NEW AMERICAN HISTORY, by W. E. Woodward. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When this book appeared in America it was received with that enthusiasm on the one hand and criticism on the other which tends to leave one feeling that reviewers have been expressing simply their own personal reactions, and that on the whole the book stands rather where it did—neither shattered nor established. The more "human" critics applauded, and I think they were right. The more "academic" critics were the carpers, and no doubt they could establish a case too. But I myself would rather stand with the former than the latter. It isn't, and isn't trying to be, an academic history at all, any more, say, than Wells's famous *Outline of History*, which has had plenty of holes picked in it by well-meaning and indeed useful professors, but which stands neverthe-

less as an embodiment of an idea, a first sketch, and a living one too, for something the more professional historians, left to themselves, would never have produced in a thousand years.

I do not wish to suggest that Dr. Woodward is an H. G. Wells, or that his book has the basic novelty of the *Outline*, but he and it at least try to give the whole panorama of American history from Christopher Columbus to the New Deal in portable form (750 well-filled pages) and as a vivid, readable consecutive, rememberable story. It lives. That, I imagine, is for Dr. Woodward the important thing. He is no less aware than any of us that even a single error is a drawback, a failure, but I suspect that if he feels that he has conveyed what seems to him the accurate broad impression of a personality or an event, he is not immensely concerned that every adjective is not capable of documentation, or that he has not argued at length the value of this piece of evidence as opposed to that piece.

Dr. Woodward's volume is attractive and vital, I think, even if not, by a high standard, very profound. He gives us on the whole fairly "straight" history. "The central theme," he says, "is the development of ideas as expressed in personalities and events." For the most part the personalities and events take precedence over the ideas, but he manages to get what seems to me the accurate "feel" of the successive periods, and if he hardly shows us a clear single development behind the whole story (and could anyone?), he does within his periods move easily between general and particular, principle and practice.

My impression is that most English people are astonishingly, not to say horrifyingly, ignorant of even the broad outlines of American history. They are still apt to visualize the Civil War, for example, as a simple struggle on the Slavery issue, and completely miss the point, which Dr. Woodward brings out well, that "the real struggle was between capitalism and the Southern type of agrarianism; capitalism won, and in winning it changed the whole course of American history." For such people, or for those who, even if better informed, wish for a broad picture of the American past written in easy colloquial—sometimes almost too colloquial!—prose, this book should be a boon.

GEOFFREY WEST.

AIR WAR: ITS TECHNICAL AND SOCIAL ASPECTS, by W. O'D. Pierce. *Watts.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

THE CHOSEN INSTRUMENT, by Capt. Norman MacMillan. *John Lane.* 5*s.*

THE MENACE OF THE CLOUDS, by Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton. *Hodge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The first of these books is the product of a coolly detached scientific and analytical brain, the second is the product of long practical experience and much meditation by a remarkably forthright thinker and an ardent Imperialist, and the last is the creation of a very rare combination, the welding of wide practical experience with historical research and remarkable imagination by a man who plainly reveals himself as an internationalist in thought. All three come to the same conclusion that it is vital to the continuation of the present world civilization—and incidentally the British Empire—that some immediate steps should be taken to control the Air Menace, man's most dreadful Robot creation. They all make it perfectly obvious that to allow world policies uninterruptedly to follow their present trend is to decree the immolation of all, old, young, middle-aged of all sexes, sailors, soldiers, airmen and civilians without distinction. As would be expected, all three differ in their solution of the problem. The first can only offer better national understanding, the second is mainly concerned with the preservation of the British Empire and the third alone offers a solution of a positive nature.

Mr. Pierce gives us, in language which is plain to all, an extremely

interesting account of the historical technical development of aviation and then pursues his thesis to the point where he says about humanity and the troubled state that it lives in : " their trouble is not insanity, but frustration . . . . . due to an outworn social organization . . . . . the only motivizing incentive is the pursuit of profits," etc.

Captain MacMillan in masterly fashion analyses the air situations of all the Great Powers and with strategical insight weighs up the new relative position that these Powers consequently bear one to the other. He trenchantly disagrees with accepted Air Fighting Tactics and methods of ground defence. The United Kingdom, he considers too vulnerable to remain the heart of the Empire, and Canada is his substitute. He does not mince his words in exposing our geographical vulnerability in the face of Air Power. Enforcing his arguments and emphasizing its potential peril by stating " that at the end of the Great War the Armistice was signed before a single allied soldier had set foot on German territory", he leaves us no illusions as to what would happen to the British Empire if Great Britain were herself defeated. His remedy is that the whole Empire, if possible in conjunction with the United States, should arm heavily with aircraft and so dominate the sea routes of the world. He would also see us arm ourselves with long-range battleships of the air, purposed to seek out and destroy our aerial foes in areas far distant from the homeland. Captain Macmillan leaves his reader filled with a healthy spirit of aggressive defence.

Air-Commodore Charlton's book is an epic of language and ideas, so startling in style, diction and portrayal as at first to give a hopeful feeling that it is merely written to terrify. This pleasant feeling vanishes all too quickly as the width of his survey, and the power of his analysis and the potency of his facts well in upon the mind. If t'were not for the twists of humour that lighten his writing it would be a nightmarish book to read.

Most plainly Air-Commodore Charlton shows us how humanity through the centuries strove most seriously—against a much less unpleasant prospect—to achieve international government—and failed. He holds out no hope for the world in general and the British Empire in particular if they fail again. To those who wish to try to live in civilized peace he offers a positive solution. All who wish to do so should read this book.

P. F. M. Fellowes.

ASSIGNMENT IN UTOPIA, by Eugene Lyons. *Harrap.* 15*s.*

BRITISH CONSUL, by Ernest Hambloch *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Born on the East side of New York, bred in the ugliness and sweat which are the commonplaces of most New Yorkers, delighting in the Bolshevist revolution and watching at close quarters the remorseless legal procedure which ended with the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti : such were Mr. Eugene Lyons' qualifications for praising the virtues of the Moscow *régime.* The post of Moscow correspondent for the United Press was offered to Mr. Lyons, and he accepted with alacrity. He was eager, in fact, to accept all that Moscow could give him, the theatre, the ballet, the opera, etc. thus attributing to the revolution many of the inheritances of the Tsarist era.

All would have been well if Mr. Lyons had not stayed in Moscow too long to conceal from himself and his readers the bitter miseries of the Russian people. The most important thing in the world is bread. A whole nation lives perpetually with the spectre of starvation. Everywhere there are incompetence and apathy. Happenings outdistance the imaginative ingenuity of Chekhov. Once, in the fulfilment of journalistic duties, Mr. Lyons tried to follow the lonely course of the Graf Zeppelin as she flew over Soviet Russia on her way to the Far East. Grisha, his secretary, rang up the garrison at Sverdlovsk, where the commander had no idea that a Zeppelin was coming his way. An

hour later Grisha rang again. In a horrified tone he stammered: "The commander said . . the Zeppelin hasn't come yet . . . but . . . well, he has a battalion in the field waiting for it." But the Chekhov vagaries had a background so filled with misery that Mr. Bernard Shaw did not guess with what resentment the people of Moscow listened to his clowning. He told a Moscow audience that his friends, hearing of a food shortage in Russia, loaded him with tinned foods. "But I threw all their food out of the window in Poland before I reached the Russian frontier." That remark was chiselled into a thousand minds. Mr. Shaw might have waited until he could throw away his food on Soviet soil.

Even the positive achievements of Soviet Russia, Mr. Lyons discovered, amount to very little. They can be summed up in three words: "Stalin and industrialization." The two ideas were blended and became interchangeable. Stalin "came to mean smokestacks, oil derricks, scaffolding, tractors, and each of them came to mean Stalin." The man Stalin who quarrelled with enemies and connived with allies, human and fallible, was swallowed by the idea Stalin, at once fearsome and benevolent. Twelve years after the dethronement of Nicholas the last, Holy Russia had a Little Father once more—too distant for personal love or hate, an invisible force to be flattered and propitiated." Yet "smokestacks, oil derricks, scaffolding, tractors" do not acquire a mystic meaning because they have been transferred to Russia. Indeed, "Russia does not represent a new industrialization so much as an extension of Western industry." What are significant are the new relations between man and machine, relations which have not brought happiness to the Russians.

The testimony of Mr. Lyons is hard to resist. It will anger the doctrinaires. The book is far too long. There was no need to devote a chapter or two on the Sacco and Vanzetti scandal, on which Mr. Lyons had already written a book. And there was no need to describe the visit to Teheran and the interview with the Shah. But it is unquestionably testimony which neither partisan nor detached student can ignore.

This is true also of *British Consul*, whose author is already well-known for his political study of Brazil. Unlike Mr. Lyons, Mr. Hambloch dives straight into his duties and from the moment that we read of his work in Zürich thirty years ago to the moment that he finishes his accounts of Nazi influence in Brazil, there is scarcely a wasted word or incident. All the events are harmoniously described, and if there is an undue emphasis upon the strange and not altogether attractive personality of a former British Consul-General in Rio de Janeiro it is because the Consul-General was Roger Casement. Roger Casement was homosexual and vain, an Irishman without a trace of humour, disliking the English community in Rio de Janeiro, and in turn disliked. He professed a hatred of England and an admiration for Germany. He was the type of man Germany wanted for her purpose. Vanity led him to the Irish venture and the execution for high treason. He was scarcely worth his spectacular trial.

But the exploitation of Roger Casement's vanity was only one indication of Germany's drive against England. In Zürich and Belgrade, in Rio de Janeiro and Ragusa, in Venice and Basle, Mr. Hambloch had seen the skill with which Germany worked against us. Her weapon was trade, and when Mr. Hambloch first joined the Consular service, trade seemed to be beneath a Consul's notice. Mr. Hambloch understood the meaning of Germany's concern for the Near East. But in the West few were the diplomats who troubled their heads about the affairs of the Balkans. Germany—so the reader of *British Consul* would conclude—is still casting her eyes upon the Balkans and still working against us.

Stalin is the Little Father. Hitler is the Hohenzollern. Each is what his predecessor wanted to be.

J. R. Glorney Bolton

SOUTH LATITUDE, by F. D. Ommanney. *Longmans Green.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

UNDER THE POLE STAR, by A. R. Glen. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

Mr. Ommanney has produced a classic book of travel amid the stormy seas, the icebergs and not least the animals of the Antarctic. The author who was formerly a lecturer in zoology at East London College, gave up his job where the "dreadful feeling of inevitability, the circularity of life, was beginning to pall," and became zoologist on the scientific staff of the Marine Biological Station at South Georgia, which even his employers described as "a pretty dirty job." Ommanney continues "I did not care. My first M.B. class could assemble without me. Someone else should instil the dog-fish, the frog and the rabbit."

The author has the zoologist's lack of squeamishness with regard to physical details. We are soon introduced to him accidentally sliding on a whale's tongue, "a vast slithery cushion," along the deck of the whaling factory ship. He takes up his job in South Georgia and has some very interesting information to give about this most southerly settlement, whose life revolves almost exclusively round the whaling industry. To such an extent is this so that on one occasion a member of the settlement, who was reported missing, was discovered in a drunken slumber in the body cavity of a half-dissected whale.

During his stay there Ommanney took part in some whale hunts, and it is unlikely that his account of the actual chase will ever be surpassed :

> "Suddenly the three broad backs burst through the dancing water immediately ahead. . . . . The terrible, lonely, and titanic death struggle began. Dark against the lashed smother of foam there wheeled and thrashed now a forked tail, now a pointed head still grinning; . . . . . Still the Leviathan fought for his life, his harmless, free and joyful life that had suddenly been struck from him . . . . . In the distance a solitary iceberg, remote, forlorn and lonely stood off and watched him die."

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Later on he joined the Government Research Ship, *Discovery II*. He was with her when she was trapped in the ice, and also on the occasion of the rescue of Lincoln Ellsworth. Another time, thanks to the vagaries of their motor-boat, a small party were marooned on a barren coast of the South Shetland Islands, and there is a vivid and detailed description of the hours they spent in constant fear that they would never be rescued.

Sea-elephants, seals and penguins all figure prominently in *South Latitude*, and the story of the habits of the last-named in their Antarctic home will make those of us who frequent the Zoo look at them with new and less charmed eyes. In recounting the most vivid, and the most ordinary, incidents of a number of years spent in a part of the world which is inevitably full of adventure, Mr. Ommanney has produced a really great book.

In comparison to *South Latitude*, Mr. A. R. Glen's book, *Under The Pole Star*, would seem to be of the more conventional type, telling as it does of the experiences of an Arctic expedition which took place within the space of little more than a year. (It is interesting to note that both Ommanney's *South Latitude* and Peter Freuchen's *Arctic Adventure*, each a classic in its own way, are based on experiences spread over a large number of years.) Nevertheless, Mr. Glen, in his description of the Oxford University Expedition to North East Land, has sought for originality of treatment with marked success. He, too, tells of the small details which make up the life of an expedition, and enriches his narrative with many effective descriptions.

The part of the book which catches the imagination most is that in which the author describes the life of those members who dwelt actually in the ice-cap of North East Land. One of the main objectives of the Expedition was to investigate the nature of the inland ice-sheet. This produced an almost incredible tale of burrowing into mysterious caverns of ice, and one of the most dramatic discoveries was a lake, deep down under the ice-cap, which was unfrozen even in the midst of winter.

The Expedition completed some important work, including the thorough mapping of North East Land. Research also was carried out on the ionosphere, the object being the investigation of the various layers, such as the heaviside layer, which reflect wireless waves back to the earth from heights between seventy and six hundred kilometres. This work is of very considerable value to the development of wireless. There were some exciting incidents. For example, two members of the Expedition fell six hundred feet down an almost sheer ice-slope, being carried by their momentum over open crevasses; and on another occasion a sledge journey nearly ended in the middle of the Arctic Ocean owing to a malicious change in the weather.

EDWARD SHACKLETON.

SOVIET UNDERSTANDING, by Richard Terrell. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SOVIET TEMPO, by Violet Conolly. *Sheed and Ward.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

After twenty years, it seems strange that emotional—or, as they say in the strange jargon of to-day, "ideological"—books about Soviet Russia should still be produced. That they are still produced, Mr. Terrell bears witness. His "Soviet understanding" was ostensibly written first "for a large and growing class of people who feel that in Russia all sorts of important things are going on, yet cannot see where to begin in the search for an adequate understanding;" next, for intending tourists to Russia; thirdly, for people who have been to Russia. It might have been expected from this ambitious statement of aim that he was intending to provide either a simple guide to the Soviet scene or a simple explanation of Soviet economy and polity. In fact, he does neither. Indeed, as he admits, he is not particularly concerned with "facts." Instead, he leads his

reader on a rapid conducted tour of "historical perspectives" in which communism, "non-conformism," and "the religiosity of Oxford and the respectable classes" compete with that inimitable catchword *Weltanschauung* for the cultured—or should it be the "ideological?"—attention. Then, he goes on to study a "background in Russia" which seems to be composed from the works of great authorities on everything except Russian history; thence to an explanation of "the Russian Communist perspective" which gives no evidence of any knowledge of the pre-war bickerings between the factions in the Russian Social Democratic Party that culminated in the present Trotskyist-Stalinist feud. So the reader is brought on, through a maze of "ethics in history," the "time-perspectives of the modern capitalist world and of the Soviet Union," and the like, to a final glorious vision of the day when "the motor car will gradually fill the streets of the (Russian) cities and millions of (Russian) families will own cars, just as they do in America." Only houris seem necessary to complete this materialistic conception of Paradise.

Miss Conolly is better, in every way. That might have been expected. She knows Russian, and Mr. Terrell does not. She has lived in Russia for some time, as Mr. Terrell apparently has not. Above all, she is objective (which means not that she is necessarily impartial and unprejudiced, but that she relies on what her senses convey to her about Russia), whereas Mr. Terrell is subjective (which means that his view of Russia is founded more on his brain than on his eyes and ears). Her present book does not pretend to rank with the serious studies of Soviet economic policy that she has written before. It is little more than a record of a journey from London to Moscow and from Moscow through the Black Sea to Greece. But the things seen and the conversations heard on the way were illuminating, and are far more helpful to "Soviet understanding" than Mr. Terrell's ratiocinations.

WILFRID HINDLE.

BURGOS JUSTICE, by Antonio Ruiz Vilaplana. Translated by W. Horsfall Carter. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MY HOUSE IN MALAGA, by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. *Faber & Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Burgos Justice is the first book to be published in England by a Spaniard with actual experience of conditions in insurgent territory. The author, Señor Vilaplana, had no political affiliations before the war, and held an important post in the judiciary in Burgos from November, 1935, till June, 1937. Then, however, he decided to leave Burgos because, as he says, his feelings as a "liberal-minded human being were frankly revolted at that *régime* in which crime and barbarity were predominant".

It is significant that Señor Vilaplana left Burgos after the fall of Bilbao to the Insurgents and Italians, and when the chances of an ultimate rebel victory looked particularly rosy. It is interesting, too, to note that he foresaw that as soon as his book appeared he would be violently attacked by the Salamanca authorities, who had hitherto not said a word against him. The charges against him, repeated by a British Peer in the House of Lords, are given and answered in the introduction to the excellently translated English version of the book.

The most sensational section is the exposure of the violence and disorder of the early days of the rebellion in Burgos. It was Señor Vilaplana's task to examine the bodies of victims left by the roadside and in the fields. More serious, however, is his complaint that the unorganized terror was followed by an even more ruthless oppression of peasants, workers, liberals and intellectuals under pressure from the aristocrats, business men and clerical reactionaries.

He makes it abundantly clear in his analysis of the political situation behind the lines that there is a serious clash of interests within the insurgent ranks. He has no admiration for General

Franco, and he gives an entertaining description of the impression General Franco made on the populace on two occasions when he visited Burgos. General Franco, he says, has betrayed first one group of supporters then another, and finally his country in order to obtain German and Italian aid. Particularly interesting is his remark that General Franco was considering betraying his Fascist allies to obtain British financial support. This was written before Sir Ralph Hodgson was appointed as British Agent to Salamanca and before the Duke of Alba took up his post in London.

The chapter describing place-hunters in Burgos and the conversations between well-to-do refugees from Government territory should enlighten British opinion as to the mentality of some of General Franco's supporters. These conversations, and the extracts from General Queipo de Llano's radio talks, would be amusing if they were not at the same time very sinister.

The evidence of Señor Vilaplana gives of German and Italian intervention is important, and he considers that the extent of German intervention is underestimated abroad.

My House in Málaga is also based on first-hand experience, and it is interesting to compare Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell's account of unrest in Málaga during the early days of the war with Señor Vilaplana's account of conditions in Burgos during the same period.

Sir Peter, who was living quietly in his house in Málaga when the War broke out, admits that there was disorder following air-raids, but gives evidence to prove that this was far less serious than people in England were led to believe.

Sir Peter is, as this book shows, a most tolerant and courageous English gentleman. He took risks to shelter the wealthy Bolín family—who were supporters of General Franco—and later was treated ungratefully by them. The story of his arrest when Malaga fell to the Insurgents and Italians is here told in full for the first time. The Bolín family, and both the British and Insurgent authorities seem to have played a dubious part in the affair.

Characteristic of Sir Peter's fair-minded attitude to everything is his account of a conversation with an Italian officer who had just entered Málaga with his men. "We had cigarettes and we both kept looking at the sea, now blue with the hills mirrored in it." "Very like my Italy," he said. "And what a pity there should be war in so beautiful a country," I replied. He shook his head sadly". But the other incidents connected with the fall of Málaga that he describes are much less attractive.

The most important aspect of the book, however, is the light Sir Peter throws on the under lying causes of the war, and the understanding he shows of the character and outlook of rich and poor in Spain. "In no country," he writes, "have I seen a greater contrast between the poverty of the poor and the luxury of the rich." This contrast is summed up in the following conversations which he quotes. Doña Maria was telling me . . . 'I am sure you will agree with me, Sir Peter, that a Rolls-Royce car is no longer a luxury; it is a necessity.'" And a young Anarchist peasant said to Sir Peter, "We, if we live after we are able to work, and can't get our children to support us, have to starve or beg or steal. I tell you this time, if we contend all that and become like you in England, we'll kill ourselves. We can't go on as we are".

HELEN F. GRANT.

HALF AN EYE : Sea Stories by James Hanley. *Bodley Head.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The ships in these stories and the men who work them differ from their counterparts in most books about the sea in that their connection with that element does not necessarily separate them from the rest of creation. Mr Hanley's tramp steamers are not vessels of romance bearing strange cargoes to the far corners of the earth. They are modern floating workshops in which certain ordinary men gain their ordinary livelihoods—that is whenever they can

get a job. The background to his sailors' lives is not blue water and the sunlight of foreign lands, but the sweaty reek of the stokehole, the grey back-streets behind the docks, the doing of "a certain amount of work every eight hours and then giving themselves up to sleep." His men are heroes never, stoics almost always. Of his firemen, "day after day and night after night they would fire down below, they would snore up above, and always they saw the end of the voyage, the crinkle of notes was music in their ears."

Mr. Hanley's seamen are never Titans facing the elements with contempt; they are human beings whose work takes them uncaring over the deep waters of the world: the captain who is afraid of any kind of fuss, any kind of ceremony and most particularly any kind of fog, the fireman who goes to sea with a box of pills for rheumatism in his pocket, the young trimmer who thinks only of coming home again with a new garter for his girl. Mr. Hanley writes of the stokeholes and foc'sles they work and live in, the drab homes they come back to, their respect for their wives, their deep love for their children and their wholehearted contempt, as merchant service men, for the institutions of the Navy.

Some of the tales are perhaps unduly morbid. The number of sailors who commit suicide at sea is probably smaller than a reader of this collection of stories might think. But Mr. Hanley seems happiest, and certainly his descriptive powers are at their best, when he is writing in a minor key. And even behind all this starkness of grey ship and greyer slum there is romance of a sort for those who look long enough, though it be romance not blue and sunlit but seen dimly through the screen of a Liverpool fog. Mr. Hanley's pages do not smell of tar and salt and sailcloth. They smell of coal-dust and hot oil. But it is a good and a stimulating smell all the same.

GORDON WINTER

YOU MAKE YOUR OWN LIFE, by V. S. Pritchett. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

OVER THE FRONTIER, by Stevie Smith. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE SONG OF THE WORLD, by Jean Giono. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

SLEEP IN PEACE, by Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

PROMISED LAND, by Cedric Belfrage. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Three of Mr. Pritchett's stories are hardly more than visits to the hairdresser's, the hospital and the pub (favourite grounds of the English sketch writer); but how vivid, how dramatic are these anecdotes! Merely as a reporter Mr. Pritchett has an eye and an ear which miss nothing. He knows just how much "situation" is necessary to give these

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visits point. In the hospital waiting room (an X-ray crackles through the doors) sits Beale, ruffled and trembling in a huge dressing-gown, the focus of attention because he has *come on the wrong day*. One feels that there is a Beale in every hospital waiting-room. But one feels this because everything in Mr. Pritchett's description is odd and immediate, like the background of a Clair film. Yes, even this trivial scene has been realized by Mr. Pritchett with comic and *lyrical* attention.

He is, of course, very much more than a reporter. How to keep your characters ordinary while making them interesting—that is the problem of every realistic novelist. The Goncourts set miles between the drab lives they were observing and the style in which they described them; Hemingway, on the other hand, is now almost indistinguishable from the grunters he writes about. Mr. Pritchett's method is somewhere between the two: he is neither too remote nor too near. "Sense of Humour," the first story in the book and probably the best he has written, is a brilliant example of how a writer can give style to the most commonplace material without distorting it. A commercial traveller is made to tell the story of his love affair with a barmaid in the first person; no sentence, no reflection, which might not have come from himself, and yet the whole story, consisting mostly of clipped dialogue, is so individual that in fact no one but Mr. Pritchett could have written it. Ordinariness has its aura, might be this writer's motto. He is one of the best story-writers living to-day. He is also, let me emphasize, extremely readable.

Miss Stevie Smith is not; is not, I mean, in the general sense, easy to read. Anyone wanting "just a novel" might conceivably manage Mr. Pritchett, but *Over the Frontier* would floor him on page 1. This is less of a novel than even her first book; personal confession and fantasy float together down the thought-stream in a most un-novel-like way. It is, moreover, less funny than *Novel on Yellow Paper* and for that reason less likely to take on with new readers. I have read it twice and I liked it more the second time; the prose has a curious beauty and intensity, sometimes spoilt, and sometimes enhanced, by childish pretence. Pompey Casmilus has a nervous breakdown and goes for six months to a mysterious German *Schloss*. From there she crosses the frontier with a lover into a moonlit wasteland where they ride at night on horseback. An Archbishop, a generalissimo, spies and gunfire complete the picture. As an interlude of nightmare I found it attractive; but I must admit that I prefer Pompey this side the frontier.

Jean Giono's *The Song of the World* is a story of the Basses Alpes in which the trees, mountains and streams are as important as the human characters. This pantheistic novel is written with terrific energy and despite a certain amount of symbolism towards the end remains an exciting story. Everything in it is gigantic from the scenery to a childbirth during a thunderstorm. Antonio, a forester, helps an old friend to look for his son who has disappeared in the mountains; and the search becomes an explorer's epic. The Basses Alpes might be Katchinjunga. M. Giono gluts the senses in his first paragraph, and goes on glutting them and yet after two hundred and fifty pages we still have appetite for a final swallow.

Sleep in Peace and *Promised Land* are novels without distinction which one reads for the story or the subject matter. The first is about a West Riding cotton mill during the last forty years, the second is a novelized history of real estate in Hollywood. Both are immensely long, well documented and readable. Miss Bentley's is a better story, if one wants emotions, mostly of the family sort, but Mr. Belfrage's is slicker journalism. The recent Hollywood floods, by the way, should add a lurid last chapter to future editions.

G. W. STONIER.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY *public.*

" Events are in the saddle, and they are riding mankind." And once again as in 1914, it is that compound of brutish and sentimental elements which we call ' Germany ' that is setting the pace. The *Reich*, with its insatiable appetite for power, has yet again thrown down the gauntlet to the civilized world. *Cui bono* ? Not, certainly, to the benefit of the German people, whose straitened circumstances can no longer be denied. Nor has the Nazi juggernaut solved any of the State's real problems, as the cogent article on the Nazi mirage, which we publish this month, makes plain. **Jeremiah Warner** is an experienced writer on international questions with special knowledge of Germany.

The name of **C. F. Melville** will be familiar to readers of THE FORTNIGHTLY. Since the early post-war years he has followed the process of European disintegration both as diplomatic correspondent for important newspapers and as " good European "—a Catholic and a Liberal. The moral of his obituary notice of Austria is the tremendous responsibility resting on the shoulders of the rulers of the Great Powers—and, be it said, their proven unfitness for it.

Each day that passes makes history, grim and appalling by all traditional standards. It may be fitting therefore to switch on the light of history and examine by it the features of dictatorship. This task is essayed by a distinguished man of letters, **F. L. Lucas,** who is the embodiment of the finest English Liberal tradition. F. L. Lucas, writing for the first time in our pages, is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge—and also Librarian. His numerous publications include studies of Euripides and various English Victorian poets, and *The Decline and Fall of the Romantic Ideal.* He is also the author of a number of plays, one of which was recently produced in London and evoked considerable interest.

Those of us who look for firm and positive action on the part of the *beati possidentes* to arrest war in Europe do not overlook the parallel situation in the Far East. **Admiral Sir Barry Domvile, K.B.E.,** who takes it upon himself to ram home unpleasant hard truths of Japan's mastery of the Pacific, enjoyed a distinguished career, mainly in the Mediterranean station but also on the principal Imperial Defence bodies. From 1932-34 he was President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich and Vice-Admiral commanding the War College. Among his more recent activities is his presidency of ' The Link,' a society for the promotion of Anglo-German relations—whose path is certainly beset these days with difficulties.

THE FORTNIGHTLY in its own small way contrives to provide a link between English-speaking communities at home and abroad. **L. C. Wilcher,** who aptly defines the conditions and problems of Australia, is a History Lecturer at Trinity College, Carlton, Australia. He was formerly a Rhodes Scholar at Balliol, a contemporary of **L. T. Gelber** whose timely article on Britain and the European Balance we published last month.

Owing to the veiled but none the less effective censorship of our Press,

Anglo-Italian relations are for the moment enveloped in a kind of penumbra. **C. J. S. Sprigge,** a valued contributor, supplies the necessary historical perspective—the occasion being the death of Italy's foremost literary figure in this century. Before becoming Financial Editor (in London) of the *Manchester Guardian* Cecil Sprigge served his paper as correspondent in Rome for several years and, with occasional opportunities for revisiting Italy and a host of Italian friends, he may be regarded as one of the most authoritative interpreters of that little known country.

K. Walter is a former correspondent of a number of American and English newspapers, who some ten years ago cut loose and, after a period as director of the London Office of the Horace Plunket Foundation (which inspired so much admirable land reform), went to live in Italy. He is that rare phenomenon—a sympathetic critic of Italian Fascism, and his vindication of the nation's planning for "autarchy" supplies a corrective of our conventiona thinking which is much needed.

Home affairs seem very tame in thi era of international upheavals. But th careful study of Army conditions b **Lt.-Col. Viscount Bridgeman** acquire particular interest from the recen notable reforms announced by Mr Hore-Belisha, the War Minister Viscount Bridgeman recently retire from the post of G.S.O. II, at the Wa Office. In 1918 he had obtaine valuable administrative experience a Private Secretary to his father, th first Viscount, who was then Parlia mentary Secretary to Minister of Labou

Hubert Griffith, whose plays an writings on the theatre have brough him into prominence, has contribute on several occasions to this review He is on the staff of *The Observer*. Thos who set any store by omens may b interested to know that THE FORTNIGHTLY of July, 1914, containe an article (by Laurence Irving) on th same theme as is now treated b Hubert Griffith!

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

There is now a sustained attempt to acclimatize in Great Britain the 'digest' of reading which is such a popular thing on the other side of the Atlantic. Apart from *Parade*, which caters for the "low-brow" and magazine reader proper, the bookstalls now offer in this *category Synopsis*, two numbers of which have appeared up to date and *The World Says*, the first number of which appeared last month. Any venture of this kind which helps to disseminate serious and really valuable articles on public affairs (such as, dare we say it, appear in reviews of the nature of THE FORTNIGHTLY or *The Listener*) are sure of our wholehearted support.

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But, apart from the Digests, new magazines and reviews are still springing up like mushrooms. Of University ventures which deserve wider publicity a notable example is *The Democrat* (6d.), edited in Cambridge, of which the third number has recently appeared. The second number, dated December, 1937, contained articles by Sir Arthur Salter, W. B. Curry and Freda Utley. It is pleasantly produced and the articles reveal a catholic range of thought.

* * * * *

The English-Speaking-Union looks forward to August when two British parties will cross the Atlantic to make studies of the New Deal in action. A year ago a party spent twenty-three days visiting interesting New Deal projects, and studying on the spot current American problems. One party this August will make use of the American air lines to cover the entire country in twenty-nine days while the other will be less ambitious travelling by rail and road. Each party will be given opportunities of discussing America's problems with its political, business, labour and other leaders, as well as seeing the key places and projects in the regions visited. Americans will lead each group during its stay in the U.S.A., and will help the members to get the most out of their study of that country's problems. Further information about these trips and application forms can be obtained from the English-Speaking Union, 37, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

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Planning ahead these days is a thankless task in any case. But what a teasing problem confronted the International Olympic Committee which has recently met in Cairo to discuss arrangements for the 1940 Olympic Games. A request had been duly tabled in favour of transferring the venue away from Tokio, and Dr. Wang, the Chinese delegate, was eloquent in that sense. Nevertheless, following assurances from Senator Kano that the Committee in Tokio was prepared to fulfil its undertakings, the International Committee decided to maintain the present arrangements, and the Games are scheduled for the period, September 21st to October 6th, 1940. Lord Aberdare, Chairman of The Fortnightly Review Limited, flew to Cairo and was present on behalf of the British Athletic bodies concerned.

A correspondent begs our aid to further her endeavours to get a sufficient number of captions added to the present-day talking films to enable deaf people to enjoy once again this form of entertainment. As is pointed out, the " pictures " were once upon a time the ideal recreation for the deaf as they were able to enjoy the entertainment provided as much as anyone. It does not appear likely at first sight that the film industry would be willing to consider any suggestion of this sort, yet the proportion of deaf or partially deaf people is very high and it might well be an advantage to everyone if some provision were made. After all, in spite of " talkies " no one seems to mind the few sub-titles appearing on Continental films shown in London. Certain films might be selected for treatment and a sufficient number of captions added to ensure that the story was intelligible to everyone.

* * * * *

Grim documents about the Spanish War are not uncommon, and the latest booklet to be thrust into our hands. *Foreign Journalists Under Franco's Terror*, by " A Journalist," is a very comprehensive survey for 2d. Considerable pains have been taken to gather together the experiences of the journalists working in Franco's Spain and very unpleasant reading some of it makes. Nevertheless, it cannot be said to throw much fresh light on what is already too well known.

* * * * *

The New Forest Association was founded nearly seventy years ago with the laudable object of " the preservation of the general picturesque aspect of the Forest and the old woods and the protection of the rights and privileges of the Commoners and of the Public in the enjoyment of the Forest." The Annual Report and Statement of Accounts for 1937, which has just reached us, shows how very keen is the support given to the Association and the fact that over £91 : 10 : 0 was subscribed last year by annual members at half-a-crown a time is an indication that many people are interested in its objects. No doubt the Hon. Secretary, Captain Cecil Sutton, The Estate Offices, Brockenhurst, Hampshire, would like to see that figure reach £100. If our mathematics are correct he needs sixty-eight additional subscribers.

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The Countess of Oxford and Asquith appeals for assistance for St. Peter's Kitchens, 5, Garrick Street, W.C.2, where she and Mrs. Scott-Dorrien work giving five hundred men and women from all parts of the country free meals every night. Clothes as well as jobs are found for them. St. Peter's Kitchens need funds. Cheques should be sent to Mrs. Scott-Dorrien, 3, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.